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ARTICLES BY EXPERTS

THE NAVY IN REVIEW

Special Features Illustrating the Ceremonial at Spithead

IN THIS ISSUE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 20, 1935

The King Goes Aboard the Royal Yacht

The Scene at Portsmouth Dockyard on the Day Before the Great Review at Spithead

The Silver Jubilee Celebrations have now been in progress for over two and a half months, but interest in this great anniversary has not flagged for one moment, and the vociferous welcome that was accorded the King when he drove in state to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, on May 6, was but the first of a long series of demonstrations of public affection. The fighting forces, too, have paid their tribute, and this week's naval review at Spithead was perhaps the most stirring of all the events that have been held in this wonderful year of rejoicing. The above picture was taken on Monday evening and shows His Majesty, in undress uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, going aboard *Victoria and Albert*, which was looking particularly spic and span with its new coats of blue and gold paint. The yacht did not put to sea until Tuesday, when she was escorted from Portsmouth by *Enchantress*, and greeted with a salute by the 160 warships drawn up in line in the review area.

(*See Special Section, pages 93 to 104*)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE HILL v. THE PLAIN AT LORD'S: A scene beside the coaches during one of the intervals on the second day of the Eton and Harrow match, which took place on Friday and Saturday of last week in brilliant sunshine. The game, as it has so often done in past years, ended in a draw, but the spectators witnessed some thrilling cricket, and at one period there were distinct hopes of victory for Harrow, the more aggressive and forceful of the two sides

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 17, 1935.

THE ROYAL REVIEW.—

While the heat of the return-journey traffic-block in Farnham keeps my blood still at boiling point, let me record impressions of the Rushmoor Review. Efficient, superbly so, as all Army shows at Aldershot. I thought the King had the hardest job of the day, and he very rarely used a chair. The review lacked the colour of the tattoo, and started sombrely enough, but the marching of the infantry was inspiring. A special cheer was reserved for three figures. The goat of the 1st Battalion the Welch Regiment, the gilt-horned deer of the second Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and for General Swinton leading the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Tank Corps. Other colonels-in-chief rode at the head of their units until past the saluting point, and then drew in and dismounted and formed up in line beside the Royal Pavilion, until there was such a galaxy of senior officers that one well-timed Mills bomb would have accelerated promotion so that subalterns would have jumped to majors. But General Swinton went by in a tank, and "Ole Lukoie" thrust his face through a turret to salute the King, and then drew in in his heavy bus, tearing up an acre of green turf. Unquestionably the thrill of the show came at the end, when the mechanized artillery brigades drove by. Such a roar, as of the surf beating on a reef, hit and filled the iron-roofed stands. The noise and vibration where the King stood must have been tremendous. The wheeling of these mechanized units, vehicles great or small, was superbly exact. We saw them perfectly ordered at a ceremonial pace of 3 m.p.h., and we saw them vanish into Rushmoor Woods at 40 m.p.h. The mechanized army on parade makes its own music. Its regimental march is self-produced and as grand as Nature in fury. And so two brigades passed and took an hour to pass, with all their strange and diverse complements. And in a minute more, as it seemed, the Royalties had vanished and the vast crowd streamed away into the dust and sunshine.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: A young Etonian keeps his mother waiting as he searches for his ticket on arrival at Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match

L'AFFAIRE DREYFUS.—

Dreyfus dead! He had outlived so long the scandal which his name recalls that it seemed he had been buried these thirty years. Poor man, his name *lived* so much more vitally than he ever did. It wrote more than a page of French history. It made and unmade statesmen, lawyers, publicists, soldiers. It helped to win the great war and helped also to prolong it. 1894 is a long time ago, but still I recall some incidents of my private school life and into that pigeon-hole of memory are found haphazard bits of a jig-saw puzzle—the *bordereau*; Esterhazy the mercenary; the gloriously-named du Paty de Clam and his frightful examination; Picquart the sleuth; Saussy; Zola's *J'accuse*, and the horrors of life in French Guiana and of injustices under any circumstances. "*A bas les Juifs!*" "*à bas Dreyfus!*" A nightmare which left a hideous taste on a schoolboy's tongue. And now the man who owned the name with which the world rang for a decade and owned little else but a good wife and character, is dead.

"Vex not his soul. They hate him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out further."

THE BLUE RIBAND OF PUBLIC SCH... during the contest for the Ashbu... by one point for Marlborough, whose ... years ago. The shooting during the ... siderable comment, as the introduct... '14 rifle appear to have made condi... large scores. On one day alone 160 ...

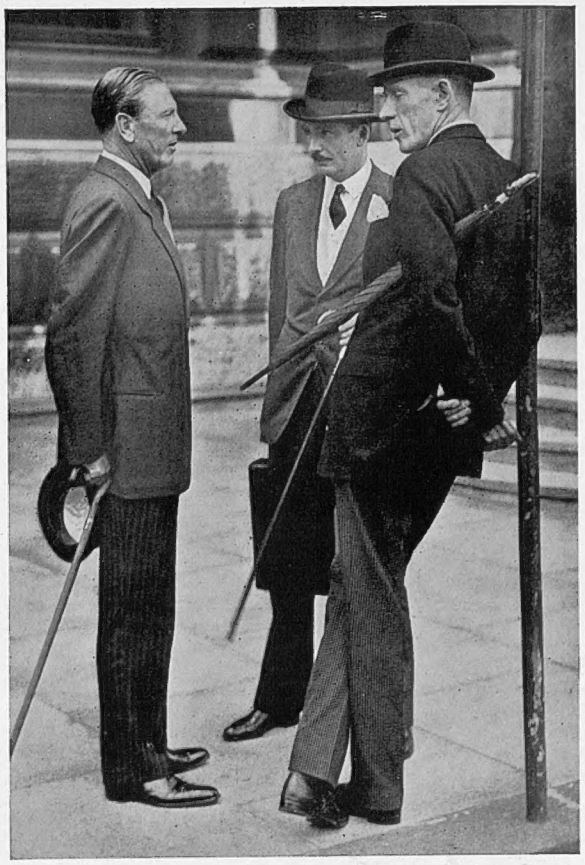
PERSONALITIES.—

With a notable congestion of business before the House, it seemed to the average man, ignorant of Commons traditions and procedure, a lamentable waste of precious time to debate the composition of Mr. Baldwin's Government. Every speaker appeared to be, and no doubt was, alive to the artificiality of the occasion. Each had his tongue in his cheek, and each used the time of Parliament at his disposal according to his nature and abilities. Old Man Lansbury was unexpectedly all that was second-rate, petty, personal, and humourless. Sir Herbert Samuel was half-hearted and ineffective, and Mr. Baldwin's noble indignation reminded one of the headmaster on Speech day vaguely and traditionally lauding the wonderful virtues of his boys. "C'était du théatre. Mais que voulez-vous?" No doubt there are many good "Nationals" who may (more genuinely than Mr. Lansbury and Co.) deplore the necessity for adding to the roll of Government posts, and crave leave to shake their heads over the utility of Europe-roving statesmen-diplomatists or of Ministers in an advisory capacity over the field of social problems. But the Premier's prerogative is unchallengeable, and if Mr. Baldwin makes a balderdash of it, he pays and the

country pays, and no one can prevent it. An appallingly silly way of spending a hot afternoon at a very busy and critical time.

FOREIGN POLICY.—The debate on Foreign Policy was very different. The world was listening, hanging on Sir Samuel's words, and few foreign secretaries ever had a more important debut. Nor was the plunging of the House into darkness by the failure of electric current symbolic. Sir Samuel in difficult circumstances did his utmost to revive the good practice of giving the House and country a frank survey of the Government's policy and actions to debate and to digest. If the hands were Esau's hands, the voice was the voice of Jacob. Past policy and actions were not Sir Samuel's responsibility, but his frank explanation was welcomed. Fettered as he was, and embarrassed by the diverse interests of listening Chancelleries, he relied far more on plain speech and less on "safe" and meaningless phraseology. And he had the courage to challenge France's sense of humour, and Europe's habit of abandoning subscribed principles for self interests. Boiled down, he didn't tell us much that is new. The peace of the world all depends on something that does not at present exist—"Collectiveness." If peace must be a "single whole" or a day-dream, then we are as much concerned in the making and implementing of Eastern and Danubian Pacts as of a Western Pact. But if the "unity of peace" is not to commit us to "action in every part of the world" (a very necessary assurance), then the "unity of peace" is still a theoretical phrase. The full achievement of Sir Samuel's speech was not realised until the day following it—Friday. Then we knew that "it wasn't so much the things he said as the wonderful way he said them." For Italy, France, America, and Austria each and all declared that the speech was virtually a special olive branch to Italy, France, America, or, Austria as the case may be. Even Germany was kindly critical. And that is indeed an oratorical triumph in this suspicious world.

THE HAPLESS HABSBURGS.—The Habsburg family history is a story of fate, folly, tragedy, and tragi-comedy, of destitution and extravagance, of ups-and-downs, of mysteries and revelations, which has supplied and will continue to supply sensation-mongers with rich fare. On the day on which the Austrian Federal House restored to the Habsburgs some of their private possessions and retracted their banishment, there died in poverty another Archduke—a victim of the old régime and Franz Joseph's (no doubt justified) stern rules on marriage. Those old Archdukes were great exponents of "all lost for love," and Archduke Leopold, like a dozen more of his relations, renounced his rights for love and became Herr Wolfling. He married an actress or two and became by turns a stage-archduke in cabaret, a journalist, a shopkeeper, and an insurance tout. He was born in Austria, lived long in Switzerland, and died in Berlin. Franz Joseph banished him; the post-war government cut off his allowance, but allowed him to return to work for his living. Post-war Austria is inclined to treat its archdukes with less severity to-day. The ministers, while making it clear that the return of a part of their undisputed property had no connection with any question of the return of Otto to the throne, testified that the deprivation was a legal wrong, in as far as that property did not accrue to the family through State expenditure, as in the case of one or two of the great palaces. Unless neighbouring high powers take a different view and intervene, it is likely that Otto's young brothers, the Archdukes Robert and Félix, will be the first to return to Vienna, to the University, not without ample means to enjoy themselves. Otto's return, having a greater significance, may be delayed longer, while France and Italy are bending their minds to the problems which may be involved. Poor wild, roving "eaglets" (brood of the "Hawk's Castle"), they have made history and scandal indeed. There was Maximilian of Mexico; Rudolf, his nephew, Franz Joseph's only son who died in '89. Then his nephew Franz Ferdinand who inherited the Este estates and lost all for love of Sophie Chotek in 1900. So came in Otto's branch. Scandals innumerable surround the names of cadets and wives. There was more than one luckless Empress, famous in social history; there was Johann Orth; the Meyerling tragedy and Heaven knows how many more first-class human stories in highest life provided by that ill-starred and often unbalanced race.



IMPROMPTU PARLIAMENT: Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Anthony Eden, Minister for League Affairs; and Viscount Halifax, Secretary for War, in conversation outside the Foreign Office after last week's Cabinet meeting, at which Sir Samuel Hoare outlined to his colleagues the speech on Britain's Foreign Policy which he later delivered in the House of Commons

OOTING: A view of the ranges at Bisley ield, which resulted in a dramatic victory evious success in this event was sixty-one nt meeting at Bisley has given rise to con- e enlarged "bull's-eye" and of the pattern o easy, and have resulted in unprecedentedly en obtained the highest possible totals

THE ART GALLERIES.—The Art galleries of London are providing, as usual, plenty of fare for art-lovers at the end of the season. The Beaux Arts in Bruton Place are showing Sickerts—there are sixteen recent pictures of which the full-length of Marie Tempest in *The Marriage of Kitty* gets chief notice. If it looks unfinished with the brush, it is satisfyingly finished in experience and insight. "The Raising of Lazarus" can once again be studied and estimated, and there is a lovely study of the Grand Canal, or if you prefer it of Miss Peggy Ashcroft, a shadowy thing in pink and pale blue and grey silhouette. Colnaghi's are showing Old Masters—Titian is rather hot fare for the season. The Fine Art Gallery provides cooler fare with Dürer and Rembrandt prints and Early English Water-colours. I wish I had been given earlier notice of Lady Alice Scott's second Show of Kenya water-colours. They are at the Walker Galleries. She has advanced in her art since last year. Her colouring is more restrained, her technique commendably simple and clear-cut. There is nothing fussy, her art is sure and clean and fresh.

THE DREAM CRUISE.—For months I had been looking forward to it, counting the days. A dream cruise, if ever there was one. The placid blue waters of the Solent viewed from the spotless decks of a 40,000 ton luxury liner. Two full days (quite enough) with endless opportunity for instruction, entertainment, thrills and recreations, hours of sun-bathing and swimming, interrupted by dashes to some point of vantage to watch the great ones steam by. I saw myself renewing my youth in the dance under festoons of coloured lights on the cool deck. It was only a dream. Pandora served out to my household chicken-pox instead.

THE OLD STAGER

THE DUTCH AIR DISASTER: All that remained of the giant Fokker air liner—one of the largest in the world—which crashed at Schiphol Aerodrome, near Amsterdam, last Sunday when starting out on a flight to Malmo, Sweden. It appears that two of the four engines failed and the 'plane struck a dyke and instantly burst into flames. Thirteen of the passengers and one steward managed to escape before the fire had gained a hold, but four members of the crew and two British passengers, who were sitting in the forepart of the machine, lost their lives. The pilot, M. Silbertstein, was a German Jew who was compelled to leave his country and work in Holland on account of the anti-Semitic policy of the Nazi Government

A GATHERING OF THE N

Eighteen Countries Represented by 500 Dancers the

A SWISS MISS

A representative from Switzerland in a beautifully embroidered and colourful costume

LA BELLA CIOCIARA

One of the pretty young Italia who entertained the audienc with tambourine and mandol

BLONDE LOVELINESS

A girl of Latvia—a land where folk dancing and singing are in high favour among the people

FEATHERS IN THEIR CAPS

A group of Poles in their head-dresses mounted with peacocks' tails and eag feathers. Their costumes are of blue and sc

NATIONS IN HYDE PARK

the Opening of the First International Folk Dance Festival

THE MARCH OF THE GERMAN SWISS: A picturesque pair with their quaint musical instruments, walking from Stanhope Gate to the Cockpit, Hyde Park, on the opening day of the International Folk Dance Festival

A charming young dancer of Barcelona in the costume of Catalonia

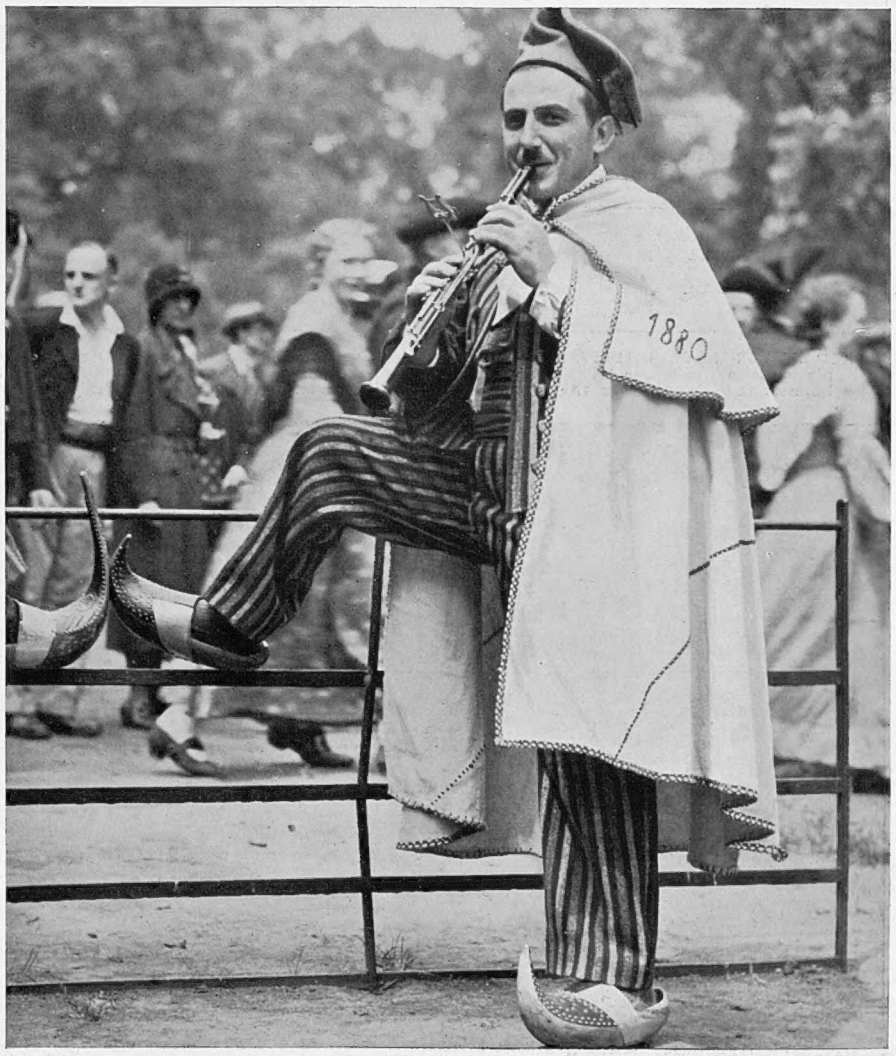
A LADY OF SPAIN

The Bulgarians whose playing on the pipes was one of the principal attractions on the opening day

A BALKAN TROUPE

The men in skirts, top boots, and spurs, and their much petticoated partners whom later in the day they gaily whirled through the czardas

HUNGARY'S CONTINGENT



A purveyor of music who was a centre of attraction as he played beside the park railings. Note the sharply-pointed clogs

A PIPER FROM FRANCE

A RED-LETTER DAY IN MILITARY HISTORY: A picture taken during the march past on Saturday last when the King took the salute at the Jubilee Review of the Army in t picturesque Rushmoor Arena at Aldershot. Over 9,000 men were on parade, and nearly 50,000 people were present to witness the brilliant spectacle which lasted over a hour-and-a-half and gave the spectators an excellent idea of the efficiency of this modernized and largely mechanized force. The review was divided into two sharply-defin phase phase whole

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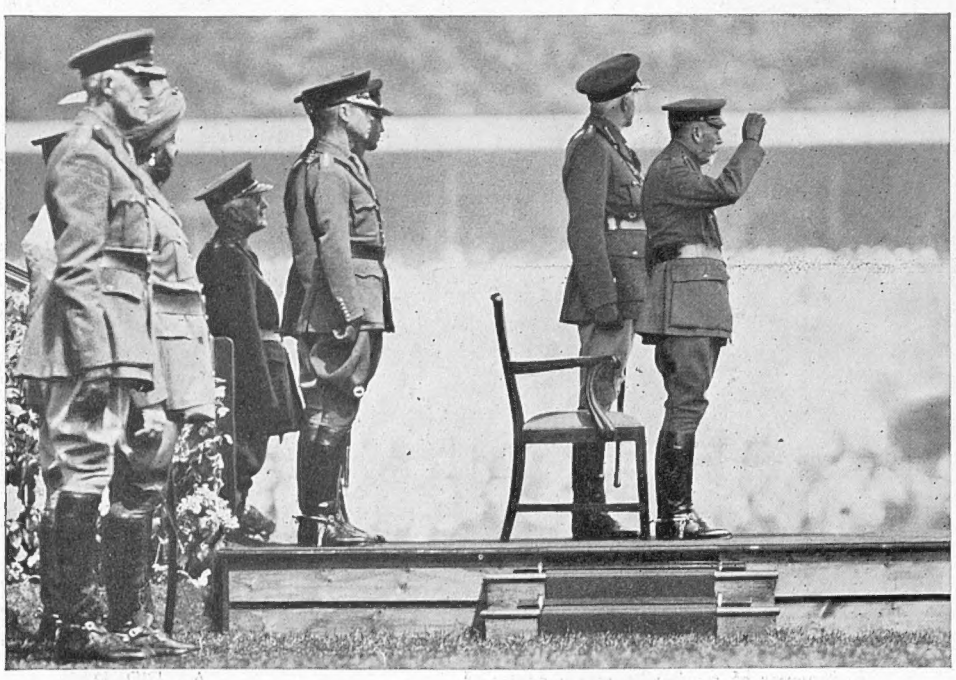
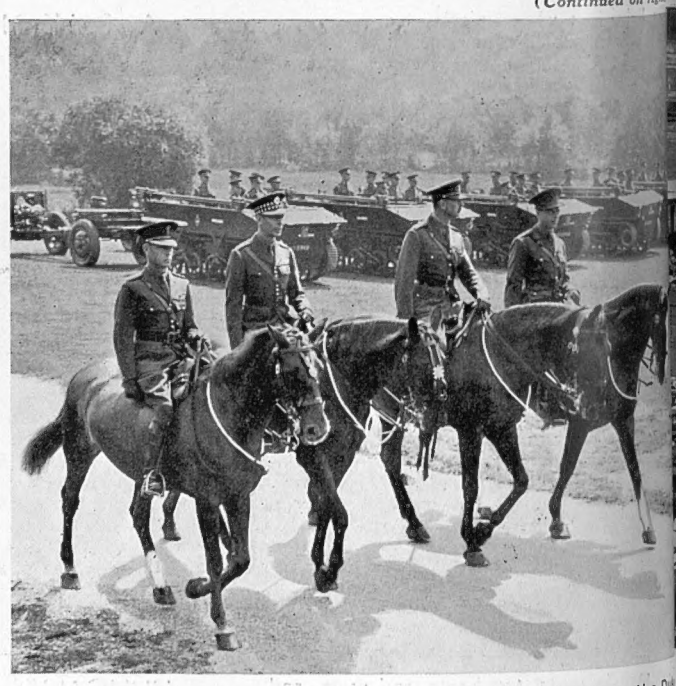


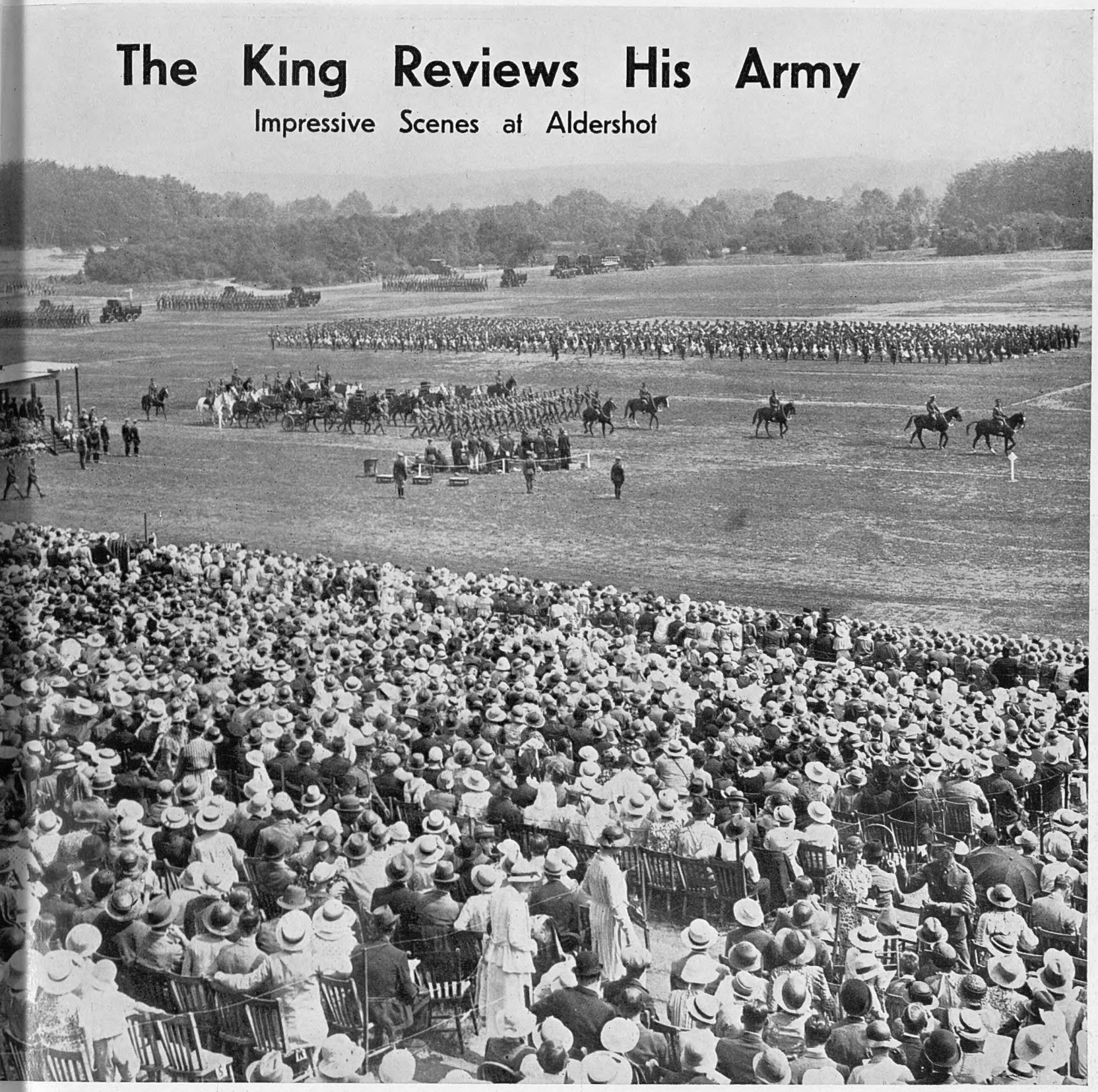
THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE: His Majesty seen outside the Pavilion during the march past, where, despite the great heat, he remained at attention for nearly an hour-and-a-half with only a few moments' rest. Standing next to the King is General Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the Aldershot Command, who has received the honour of G.C.V.O.



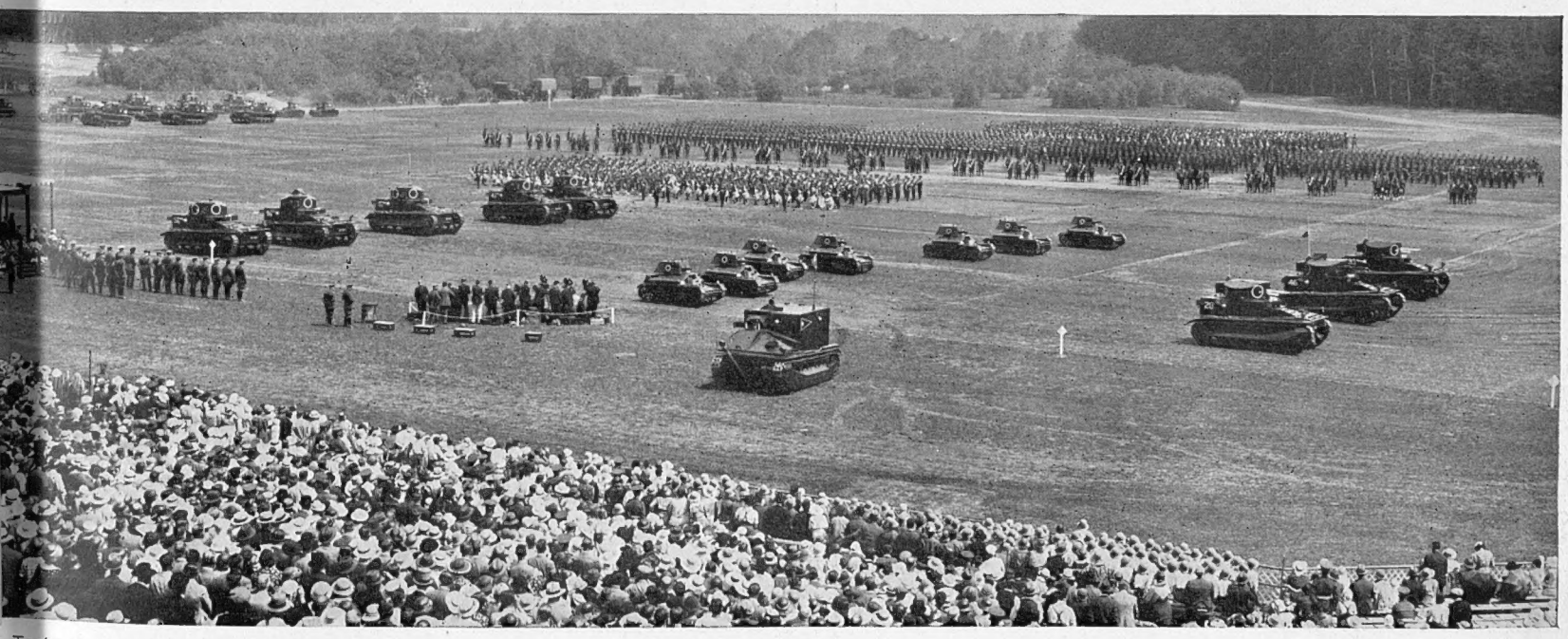
A ROYAL QUARTETTE: The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Du of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent, riding across the arena. This the second time this year Their Royal Highnesses have ridden togeth on parade—the first occasion was at the Trooping of the Colo

The King Reviews His Army

Impressive Scenes at Aldershot



phases: the first consisted of a march-past of famous regiments with brilliant records of service dating back to the days of Waterloo and the Peninsular War, while the second phase began when the rattle of machinery drowned the massed bands, and caterpillared tractors, lorries, tanks, and heavy guns entered the arena. Needless to say the whole parade went without a hitch and it is not to be wondered at that the onlookers—asked by loudspeaker not to applaud—could not at moments restrain a ripple of clapping



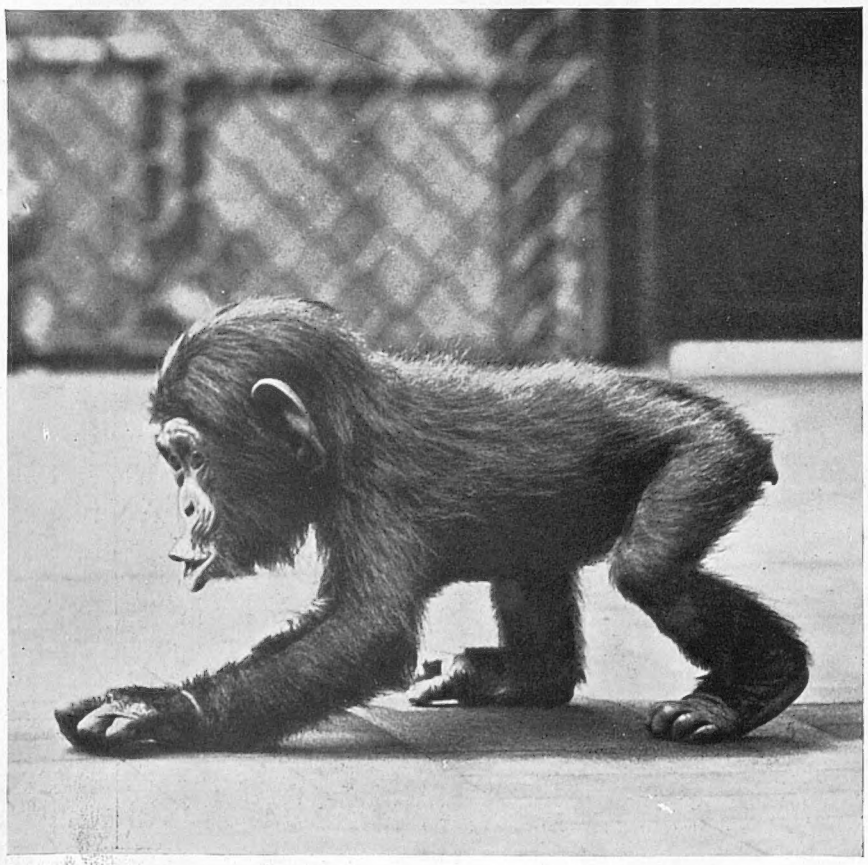
Tanks of varying sizes passing the saluting base—a part of the vast mechanized force which filed into the arena and gave such a magnificent display of their efficiency and manœuvreability

THE ARMY OF TOMORROW

A PLACE IN THE SUN: Londoners bathing and sunbathing at Runnymede during last week-end when the thermometer was busy breaking records

CROWNED THE NONPAREIL OF BEAUTY: Señorita Alicia Navarro, the representative of Spain, who won the title of "Miss Europe" at the recent contest at Torquay, seen as she left Buckingham Palace after presenting Her Majesty the Queen with a specimen of hand-made lace

POLO AT RANELAGH: His Excellency Sir Ahmed al Subah, ruler of Koweit, presenting Prince Alexis Mdivani with the cup after his team, Les Diables, had decisively beaten Kashmir by nine goals to three in the final of the Invitation Tournament held on Thursday of last week



JUBILEE SHOWS HER INDEPENDENCE: The five-months old daughter of Boo-Boo, the famous chimpanzee at the London Zoo, is already beginning to crawl, and in this picture was caught by the camera during one of her first efforts on her own

THE GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCES ITS PLANS: Lieut.-Col. Sir George Handover, Mayor of Paddington, and Mr. W. J. Abbis, M.B.E., the Town Clerk, discussing the circular which was sent last week to all local authorities in England and Wales by the Air Raid Precautions' Department of the Home Office. The Document which was sufficiently important for *The Times* to devote two and a half columns to it in their issue of July 11, outlined the measures which would be necessary for safeguarding the civil population against the effects of air attacks

POISON GAS

Facts which the Authorities Must Face in Preparing to Meet Attacks from the Air

THE recent Government circular to local authorities dealing with defence against air attacks lays particular stress on the possible use of gas. During the late war this country, and London in particular, received its baptism of aerial bombing, but it did not experience any form of gas attack.

The use of gas in war is prohibited by the Geneva Gas Protocol of 1925, and this country and all the most important nations of Western Europe are parties to it. The risk of gas being used is, however, a possibility which cannot be disregarded, hence defence measures and plans for protecting the civil population must be prepared.

Generally speaking, poison gases may be divided into three types: (a) lung irritants; (b) sensory irritants; and (c) vesicants. If properly worn the British gas mask is effective protection against them all. Lung irritants are gases such as phosgene, which were used for cloud gas attacks during the war, but they are less likely to be used from the air than other types. Sensory irritants are substances containing arsenical poison. They can be spread as a cloud of extremely fine particles by heat or explosion, and they can be liberated by special generators. They are effective in much lower concentration than any of the other war gases. In weak concentrations they cause irritation in the nose after a short time; in stronger concentrations the irritation is felt much more rapidly and violently, there is pain in the nose, mouth, throat, jaws, and gums, violent headache, and sickness. Sometimes the victims lose mental control for the time being.

Strangely, the symptoms increase in severity for a time after the affected person is removed to pure air, but after forty-eight hours most of the casualties have practically recovered, and they are quite well again within a week. These irritant gases can be dropped in bombs from aeroplanes, but their effectiveness is limited by the strength and direction of the wind which carries away the cloud.

Vesicants, of which mustard gas, the most formidable war gas yet produced, is an example, are gases which have a pronounced blistering action. In the pure state mustard gas, or dichlorodiethylsulphide to give it its technical name, is a clear colourless oily fluid which can be poured into shells and bombs. Since shells have to withstand the shock of discharge from the gun their casings have to be heavy but aerial bombs require only a light casing and so their gas content is greater in relation to their total weight than in the case of artillery shells. Mustard gas can also be sprayed from the air, but it has the disadvantage of freezing at a very high temperature.

Two of the main features of mustard gas are its persistence, that is to say it vaporizes very slowly, and its power of penetration; moreover, since it is invisible its presence is not always easy to detect by an untrained person, because its characteristic smell, from which it gets its name, is faint and one soon ceases to notice it. Ground sprinkled with mustard gas either from the air or by the bursting of a shell or bomb is contaminated. The droplets of fluid will begin to give off a highly dangerous gas as soon as the temperature rises sufficiently for it to vaporize. This process may, of course, be delayed for many hours by the ground temperature. It is perfectly possible for an area to be sprayed by night without the fact being detected. Later, as the air warms up, the gas will begin to act.

The gas attacks the eyes, the respiratory passages and the skin. Equally, drops of the fluid on the clothes will penetrate and produce painful blisters which may take some time to heal if not dealt with at once. In the war soldiers who, quite unknowingly, had come in contact with the liquid, became casualties with serious symptoms after resting in a warm dug-out. But mustard gas is a casualty producer more than a killing agent, and while it effectively disables those who are unprotected, a very small proportion die.

It is the persistence of mustard gas which makes it such a difficult problem to deal with because it may lie dormant in ground which has been contaminated for a long time before giving off its gas. Hence apart from respirators for the civil population, which will effectively protect their eyes and breathing passages, arrangements must be made to de-contaminate streets and buildings. For this work the operators must have special impermeable clothing. Fortunately the liquid is partly soluble in water and can be washed away and neutralised with bleaching powder.

Actually it is unlikely that poison gas will prove as effective against a city as explosive bombs, provided the population has been trained and organised in advance. High explosive bombs blow down houses on top of their occupants and there is a risk of serious fire. The gas bomb has only enough explosive to burst the case of the bomb and disperse the gas. It is comparatively simple to arrange gas proof rooms in houses, and in fact rooms on the upper floors of high buildings are unlikely to be seriously affected. This advantage may be neutralized if the attackers use high explosive bombs.

The area which a bomb can cover with gas of course depends on the volume of liquid gas in the bomb and the strength of the bursting charge. It is unlikely that very large gas bombs will be used, the essence of the business being

(*Continued on p. 120*)

MODERN PILGRIMS

To Historic English Shrines

AN ISLAND MONASTERY: The Lindisfarne Priory on Holy Island, Northumberland, which was recently the centre of much interest, when pilgrims from all over the country made special efforts to attend the celebrations on the 1,300th anniversary of the coming of St. Aidan, the pioneer of Christianity in the North. Above is a view down the aisle of the service in the old Norman Abbey on the Island

PADDLING TO CHURCH: Pilgrims who have already walked three miles across the sands from the mainland, and are now undaunted by the half-mile stretch of water that lies between them and Lindisfarne

THE DIGNITARIES ARRIVE: A group of clergy, including the Archbishop of York (*second from left*) walking across the sands to the service of Sung Eucharist at the Abbey on Lindisfarne Island, which, together with the monastery and school, was founded in 635.

THE VILLAGE CARRIER transports the Bishops of Newcastle and Argyll across the waters to the ancient monastery of St. Aidan, of whom it is said that "Augustine was the Apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the Apostle of England"

A HUNDRED-MILE JOURNEY from London to Norfolk is being undertaken by a band of Roman Catholic pilgrims, who started from the Church of St. Monica at Palmers Green for the Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham. Among them was a crippled lady whose husband undertook to push her bath-chair throughout the whole journey

WELL ON THEIR WAY along the hot and dusty highways, this little band of pilgrims is reviving a custom of 400 years ago—the Elizabethan pilgrimages to the Walsingham Shrine. Before starting they received the blessing of the Archbishop of Westminster, and are here seen nearing Saffron Walden, after two days' travel

DUNIKOWSKI, the GOLD

The Strange Story of the Polish Scientist who, by a Remarkable Invention, is Producing Sufficient Gold from the Soil Outside his Apartment House to Support a Large Family

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HIDDEN WEALTH: The diggings where M. Dunikowski obtains the gravel from which he afterwards extracts the gold by a series of highly complicated and secret processes

THE RAW MATERIAL: Sacks of gravel arriving at M. Dunikowski's home where they are taken down into the cellar to await treatment

THERE is living in Europe today a man who since the beginning of the summer has regularly supported his wife and family by extracting gold from soil adjacent to the apartment house where he resides. No hocus-pocus about it. This man has been producing on an average the equivalent of 11s. worth of "the precious metal" daily, or approximately £4 worth a week; and he takes his tiny bars, dwarf slabs, and "pills" into the town and sells them over the counter to jewellers who furnish receipts.

More than this, our alchemist of the times permits accredited visitors to make their own gold when he is not present; he only appears at the conclusion of the operation which is executed under the auspices of his young son and of a second youth representing the person financing the little plant. And you may acquire the gold you have made, on payment in paper money corresponding to the metal's latest quotation, and take it away with you, accompanied by a receipt setting forth the transaction, duly signed by the scientist gold-maker.

In Paris is to be found the backer in the shape of Maître Jean Charles Legrand, one of the best-known younger members of the French Bar; the scene of the gold-making is San Remo, and if the name of its practitioner be not new—Zbigniew de Dunikowski—that which he has lately been driven to doing decidedly *is* new.

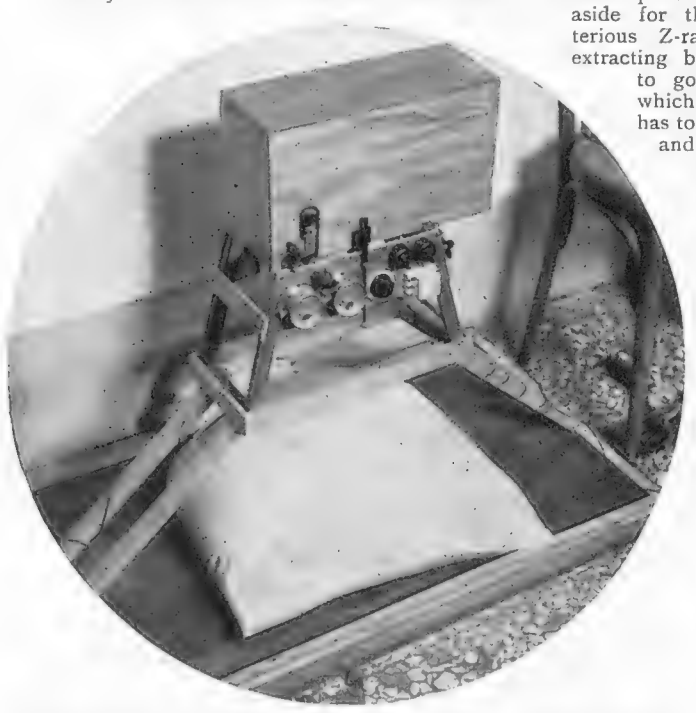
Gone, for the present, at all events, dreams of fabulous riches, of master deals negotiated with banks, even with whole governments, sorely put to it in their need for gold. Man must live, especially if he have a growing family of four and is a sufferer from severe tuberculosis. This Polish chemist of high antecedents and attainments has little more than one lung left. So he fashions his daily gold, as who should fashion this or that article for commerce; but he skips the commerce, in place of which intermediary process the gold is transmuted into paper money which pretty, fair Madame goes down to the market and spends.

The factory comprises three hands.

THE MODERN ALCHEMIST: M. Dunikowski seen in his laboratory, where he produces an average of about 11s. worth of gold every day

Dunikowski, his eldest boy, aged seventeen, and the second youth who is a nephew of Maître Legrand. Periodic outside aid is supplied by a lorry driver who brings along in sacks the soil to be treated, and deposits it in the cellar of the house. Part of the kitchen up above is set aside for the mysterious Z-ray gold-extracting box, prior to going into which the earth has to be sifted and treated this way and that. This "treatment" takes up much of the boys' time, since the ailing Dunikowski can now only take on a minimum of the subsequent and more delicate work.

SIFTING THE GRAVEL: The inventor's son and another helper at work in the cellar



THE MYSTERIOUS Z-RAY GOLD-EXTRACTING BOX: The delicate instrument which forms the most important part of M. Dunikowski's apparatus and which makes it possible for over 122 times more gold to be obtained from a given amount of soil by his process as compared with any other

About 100 kilos. of soil are dug each day for treatment—roughly the weight of a 14-stone man. From this common-or-garden Riviera earth (it happens to be red and stony) comes the daily average 11s. worth of gold—though needless to say the output is anything but constant. In the six weeks preceding this writing, a total of 120 grams of gold had been obtained from approximately two tons of treated earth, the same sandy substance that is used by local masons in housebuilding and which normally reveals what is known as "traces of gold," or a quantity inferior to half-a-gram per ton. Dunikowski manages to extract 120 times as great a quantity, and, so far, he shows sales receipts amounting to the equivalent of £22. Not much, yet he claims that his installation absurdly inadequate, that it should be magnified a thousa fold. He also mentions that working costs per gram of g are 10d.—or 12s. for the whole 120 grams to date.

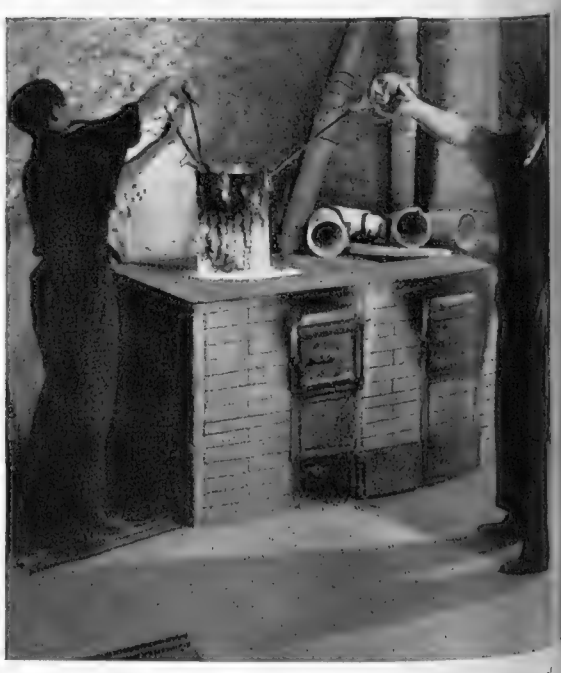
Maître Legrand pays the board of his young relation "observer," and any labouring hire that is called in; a that constitutes the story of the internal economy of family presumably placed, in as far as labour for gain concerned, as never family has been placed before: breadwinner drawing no wages or salary, yet not exist by stealth, barter or any other form of Robinson Cru marriage with Nature; rather, as the result of his d venturing in private capacity, on to the all-compelling market.

The reason a successful barrister is at the back of th has its human if not its romantic side. Maître Legr defended Dunikowski at his Paris trial, as swindler and poster, three years ago, and so outraged remains this "lead K.C." at what he alleges was the then grievous perversio justice, that he has determined to rehabilitate his clie the only possible way, namely, by proving that Dunikow *can* make gold. Perhaps "make" is not the proper w What D. claims is that he can acquire an infinitely gre quantity of gold from what he calls "the mineralities" than ever been gotten before.

Should worldly gain, great or small, eventually acc to the pair, client and counsel, as a result of the e nently practical form of "proving" at present in tr then so very much the better, but firstly the thought Let grievous injustice be undone. Let rehabilitation t place in order that confidence, leading to renewed back may be re-ushered.

Dunikowski was born forty-five years ago in Lemb Galicia, where his father was several times rector of t university. The elder Dunikowski was a celebrated Europ savant, and undertook more than one mineralogical expedi to the Himalayas. His son took the best local degrees, w to work with his father, and in h the latter is reputed to have d covered the Z-ray. It was empirical discovery; the elder died before he could explain sc tifically what had happened. the son has ever since pleaded in extenuation of his being unab to reveal the workings of his p cess. He says he retains the sec of the Z-ray, and more he ca reveal even if he would.

In 1923, Dunikowski found first backer in the Marquis Dion, and he was to find sev others in subsequent years, ably the Marquis d'Arcang Count Sobawski, a Dutch named Van Heust, the Vien



GRAVEL SUBJECTED TO AN INTENSE HEAT: Another of preliminary processes carried out by M. Dunikowski's as the inventor is able to work only at the less tiring

REV

EXTRACTOR of SAN REMO

bank of Spitzer, and a Mr. X representing city interests. In no way can it be pleaded that Dunikowski has not had opportunity to show his mettle. At one time Prince Albert of Monaco gave him carte blanche in the wonderful local Museum of Oceanography; a little later we find the Polish chemist installed in a proper factory on Cap Martin, with a capital of half-a-million francs behind him. Why did he not deliver the goods?

His counsel points to the man himself. "Look at him! The complete alchemist of legend, feeling himself hunted and fleeing from fear of being exploited, treasuring his secret, hugging it darkly, as in a cellar of old! Not allowing a living soul 'in' on it. Utterly unbusinesslike, the pure scientist, dreaming and far away, and a victim of the Slav temperament into the bargain! It was his signing a contract which he later found compelled him to make over his secret that led to all the trouble. Dunikowski tried to break free but his last backers held him in a vice, so much so, that at the end of 1931 high police officials journeyed specially down from Paris to Monte Carlo to arrest him. Need I say that these operated at the behest of big business? Dunikowski has ever been a latent nightmare for all who move in the higher gold circles. Supposing he *did* manage to churn out their precious metal, their stock-in-trade, their all!"

But what Maître Legrand especially emphasises is that his client never received more than a trifle from the repeated backing. The vast bulk of this money was spirited away by intermediaries and managers. So that Dunikowski has never yet been able to set up an installation of sufficient magnitude to give practical results. Working away in his laboratories he was just robbed by unscrupulous go-betweens, and when called upon to give an account of funds, he could give no answer at all. These had just evaporated under this and that specially-formed "company."

In the world of the nineteen-twenties, such was indeed possible, particularly in the region of Monte Carlo.

The trial must be passed over quickly. Throughout a six months' preliminary enquiry, during which the frail Pole was kept in prison, magistrates, experts, and plaintiffs sought to make him reveal his secret. The entire apparatus was brought from Cap Martin and set up in the Ecole des Mines in Paris. The accused was invited to make his gold before a jury of three State experts. He did not conspicuously succeed but complained that his apparatus was systematically being tampered with. Dunikowski was kept fourteen months in prison prior to his trial, with nothing at all proved against him. He became desperately ill. No, they would not release him. He must speak, reveal his secret. This phase of events still reeks of an attempted infamous pressure carried out by a judiciary duly got at by interested parties. Anyone who has read the record without prejudice cannot fail to trace indication after indication of this.

To give the measure of the justice reversed for Dunikowski—

He was sentenced to two years in prison and ordered to restore a sum of about £35,000 after the principal indictment of him had fallen from the lips of M. Guillet, Director of the Ecole des Mines, as follows: "We gave Dunikowski all the time and every means to prove his good faith. Cornered, he had to fall back incessantly on claiming that his famous apparatus was not working properly, that short circuits were responsible for his non-success. His claims are absurd, his theories ridiculous, in contradiction to all scientific laws. He obtained no tangible result before us because he could no longer employ his usual tricks. He is an imposter."

This M. Guillet had created an initial incident during the trial by demanding that all experiments should be carried out in the absence of the accused's legal defenders. Why ever so? But worse was to follow. This M. Guillet was obliged to admit under cross-examination by Maître Legrand (*a*) that prior to any proceedings having been brought he had entered into relations with the intended plaintiffs, (*b*) that he was the administrator of three gold companies, (*c*) that, despite the door being sealed, he, Guillet, introduced himself with others into the room in the Mines School where the Dunikowski apparatus lay.

Guillet had to admit this enormity, yet his

THE RESULT OF SIX DAYS LABOUR: Seven pieces of gold produced by M. Dunikowski compared with a ten-franc piece, in order to give some idea of their size

AN UNPLEASANT PHASE OF THE WORK: The gravel being washed with a solution of chloride and acid in order to free it from base metals. The fumes issuing from the crucible are said to be almost suffocating

GRAVEL BEING MIXED WITH MERCURY: The system by which the gold is concentrated

TREATING THE GOLD AND THE MERCURY: Heating up the two metals in order to separate them

was the indictment that condemned Dunikowski! The outraged Maître Legrand threw up his brief spectacularly in Court. Later Dunikowski was expelled from France. He went to San Remo.

And there he remains to-day, looked after by his quondam lawyer, who frequently visits the Italian resort. The Dunikowski apartment is of the meagrest description—two rooms in which a family of six (soon seven) has to manage as best it may. The place is situate up at the glaring, burning back of the town.

The ill-starred chemist's central assertion may be compressed as follows: "I never said I can make gold from a substance that does not already contain gold. I hold that there exist such things as mineralities which at present escape all processes for the extraction of gold and that by means of my secret I can make these bodies evolve in a few minutes to a degree that would otherwise require centuries of time. I claim that I could greatly increase the existing output of gold mines if my system were applied on the grand scale."

Naturally an insistent thought is: what would happen to gold standards and other things did such wholesale gold production ever materialise?

It appears that in the past thirty years four times as much gold was produced as in the preceding four centuries. And the gigantic output proceeds apace. Yet the price of gold, far from falling, only increases. It also is the fact that during the past twenty years gold has entirely disappeared from circulation, all business transactions being now reduced to a simple process of writing. I asked a noted authority, in Paris, how Dunikowski might conceivably upset matters on the international plan. The answer was:—

"Why should the Bank of France, or that of the United States, set up great and costly installations in order to swell their already overstocked gold deposits? Where Dunikowski could appeal would be to the bulk of the forty odd countries that have gone off the gold standard. At present the one means these countries have of replenishing their insufficient gold stocks is to sell more merchandise abroad than they import and to regulate the difference in gold. They are unable to do this because each government seeks to obstruct the exports of others and because most governments prohibit the export of gold.

"For such deprived ones, the Dunikowski process could be invaluable since it would enable them to increase their gold stocks without their being obliged to increase exports, simply by manufacturing gold, domestically, themselves. Such manufactured gold would immediately be put in the vaults of the State bank in order to re-establish the convertibility of paper money already in circulation."

REWARD OF MANY HOURS OF TOIL: A small quantity of gold amalgamated with mercury obtained from about one hundred kilos. of gravel. The output naturally varies from day to day

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: This platinum bracelet has been made from metal extracted by M. Dunikowski from gravel sent to him from the Ural Mountains. The inventor claims that by his system practically every kind of precious metal can be obtained at a very low cost

A Pictorial Record of a Journey from Addis Ababa to Gezan on the Sudan Frontier

DIFFICULT TERRAIN: Native carriers of the Galla race seen in typical bamboo country near the little-known Dadessa River, Nakamti Province. This district is low-lying and malarial, and has not as yet been explored to the same extent as the highlands of Abyssinia

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE EVENING SKY: Jagged mountains in the partially explored territory near the junction of the Dadessa River and the Blue Nile. The country is thickly wooded and in some places is almost impenetrable

The following article has been specially written for "The Sphere" by two English travellers who recently made a journey on foot from Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, to Gezan, a trading post on the Sudan frontier —a distance of about 400 miles. Their course lay along the old native trade route on the great Western plateau, through country which has seldom been traversed by Europeans but which is now undergoing considerable development by the natives. The scenery, as the accompanying pictures show, is in some places surprisingly English in character.

WESTWARDS from Addis Ababa a motor road runs some sixty-six miles to the growing town of Ambo. The country it traverses is generally of a rolling downland nature, interspersed with patches of cultivation surrounding Galla villages; while the route is flanked along the greater part of its length by well-wooded mountains. Here at various points lumbering activities are considerable, owing to the increase of building and the rapid development of communications. Though the building of bridges is now in progress, most of the rivers are crossed by fords, steep banked, but not presenting serious obstacles to cars except after heavy rain and then only for a few hours; spates in this part of the country subsiding as quickly as they gather.

At the moment the road ends at the natural rock bridge of Ambo; close to which are situated the only hotel on this route west of Addis Ababa and the hot springs responsible for the rapid growth of the town. Annually more villas are being built, as the medicinal properties of these springs and the charm of the surrounding country become more widely known.

Between Ambo and the escarpment overlooking the Wama River valley the country is mountainous, cut by numerous deep ravines and thickly wooded. An admirable terrain for the "shifters," who infest this area, bands of robbers whose origin is interesting. They are supposed to be the descendants of the slaves of a Fitaurari who died without issue. Being unclaimed they escaped and became highwaymen. Nagadis (caravan men) appear to be heartily afraid of them and insist of camping near

(Continued on next page)

A PASTORAL COUNTRY ... ENC... between Ambo and Nak... show... panying article, during jour... an altitude of about ... thou...

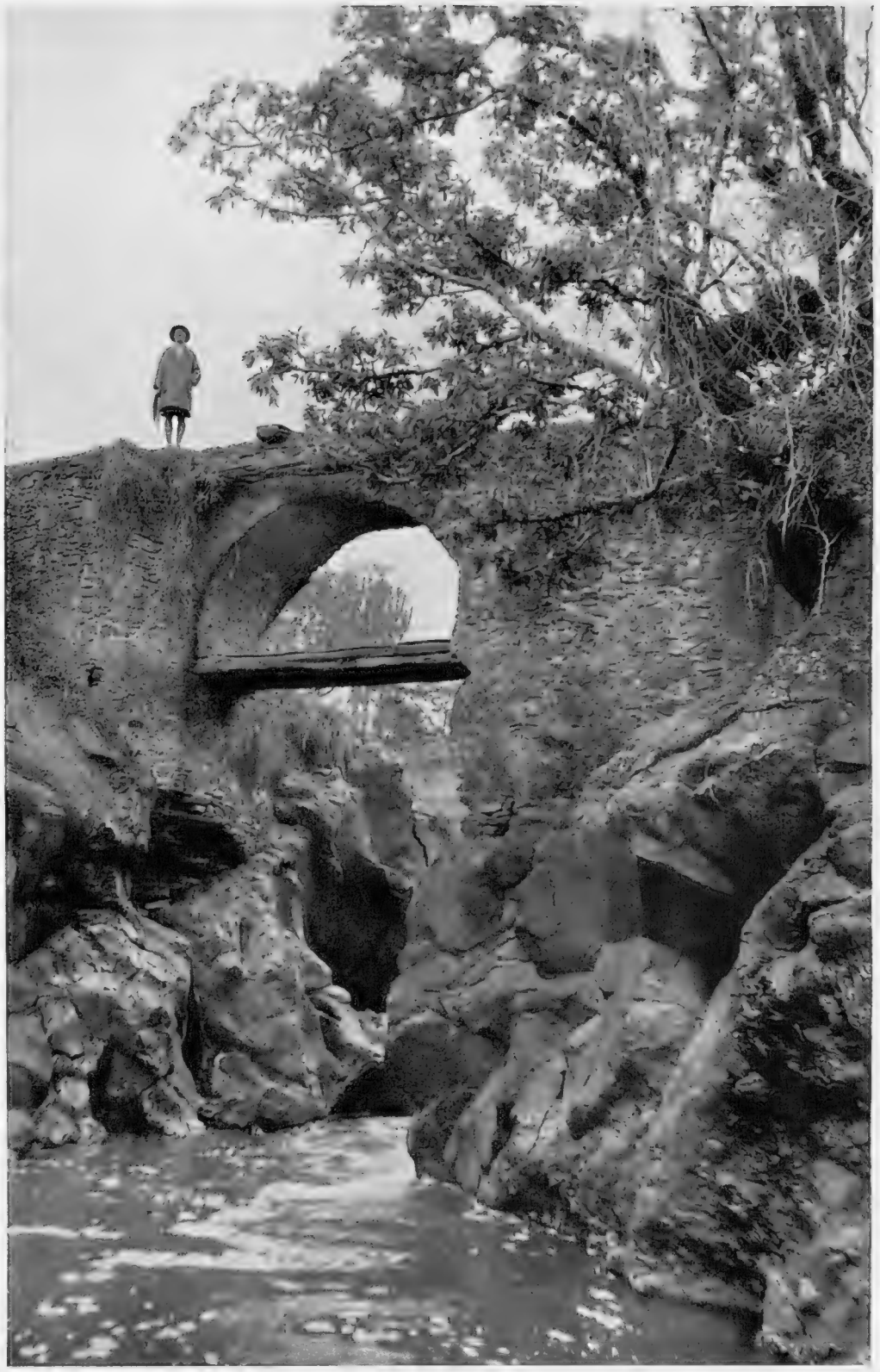
ON THE GREAT WESTERN RO... Bilo on their way to the S... They usually return with c... the natives. The man in ch...

DESOLATE GRANDEUR

TREKKING THROUGH WESTERN ABYSSINIA

ENCIRCLING PEAKS: A delightful scene on the high plateau showing one of the camps pitched by the author of the accom- journey through Western Abyssinia. This plateau, which is at thousand ft., is free from malaria, and has a superb climate

ROUTE: Pack mules passing through the picturesque little village of with bags of coffee, beeswax, spices, pepper, and other merchandise. sheeting and domestic utensils which find a wide sale among of the caravan carries a rifle to ward off attacks from robbers



SPANNING A MOUNTAIN TORRENT: An ancient stone bridge built across a river about twelve miles from the town of Ambo. The mountainous and thickly-wooded region beyond this is reputed to be infested with robbers who from time to time attack the caravans passing along the westerr trade route

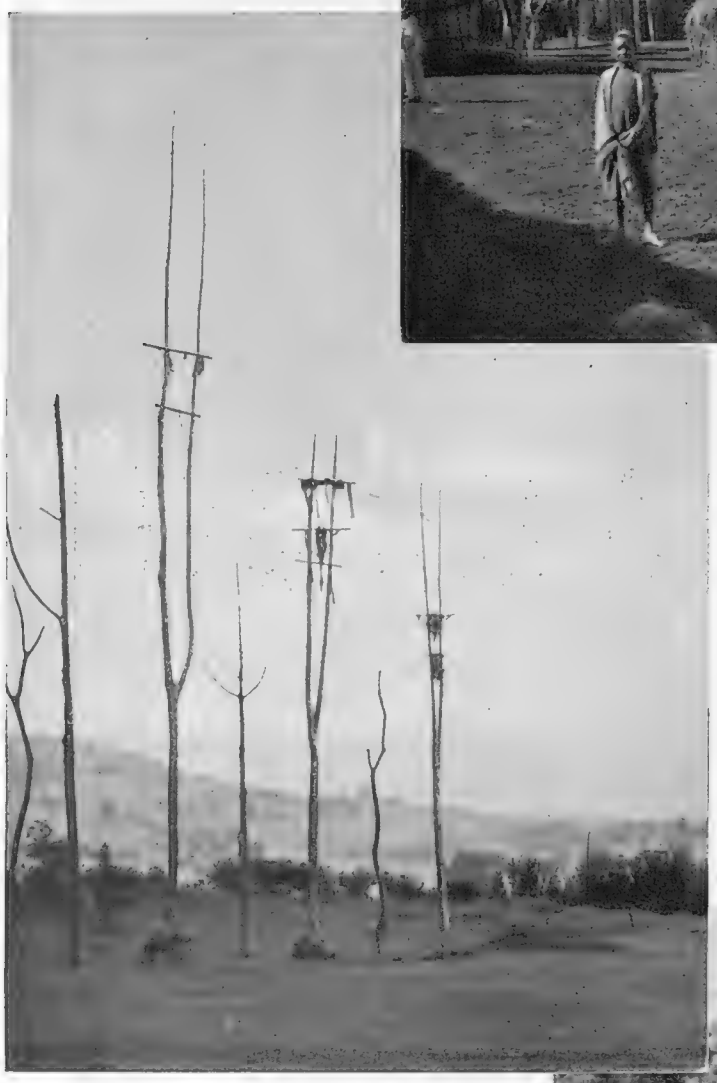
The beautiful Dadessa River flowing through the hill country about eighty miles above its junction with the Blue Nile

Trekking Through Abyssinia

A Pictorial Record of a Journey from Addis Ababa to the Sudan Frontier

(Continued from p. 88)

A VILLAGE IN THE SHANKALLA COUNTRY: A scene at Mendi, a trading post of growing importance and the home of some of the most primitive of all the Abyssinian tribesmen. During the heat of the day the people wear practically no clothing, but in the cool of the early morning and evening they dress themselves in lengths of cotton sheeting



UNIQUE MEMORIALS: On the death of a Galla warrior one of these poles is erected near his hut to commemorate his deeds as a hunter, and is invariably decorated with the skins of animals he has slain

a village, often curtailing a day's march by doing so. The lure of the fleshpots is probably really a stronger draw towards the village than the fear of attack.

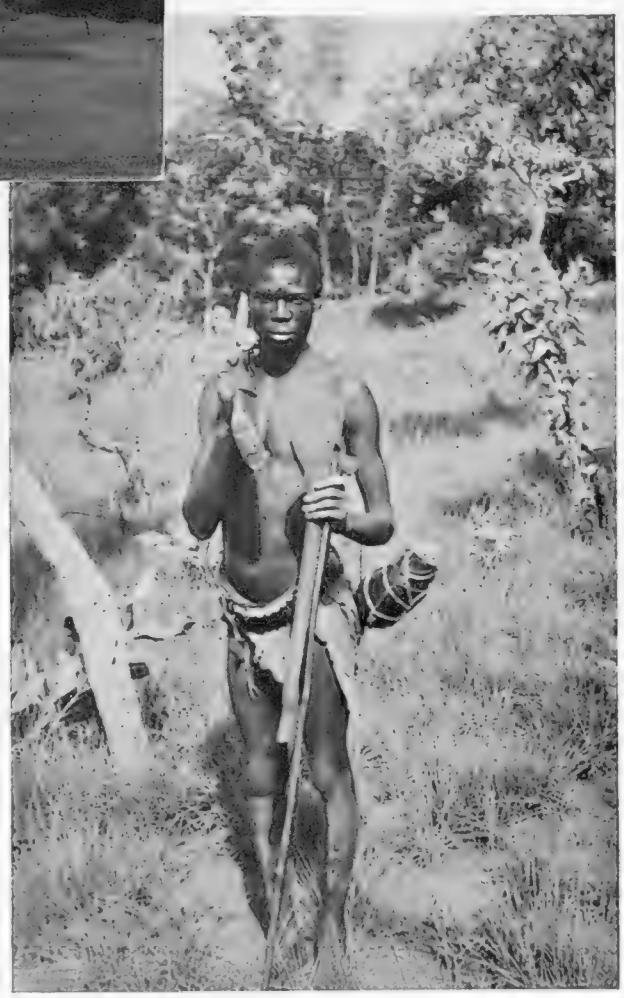
In Western Abyssinia travellers carry little food. Where the route passes near a village women are to be found sitting by the side of the track under some large tree with food for sale. This consists of "breads," a form of large sour pancake; a mixture of baked and spiced beans, grain, and Indian corn; jars of "tej," a drink made from fermented honey; sour butter and spices.

Each important village has the same market day every week. Women carry in their wares for sale from miles around; these consist chiefly of food stuffs, raw cotton, spices, and crude pottery. Swarms of flies cover everything, making a fly-switch an essential part of a traveller's equipment.

Frequent toll-gates are met along this road. There appears to be one at each end of every district. A pass signed by the Emperor renders the traveller immune from payment.

After crossing the Wama river the Nakamti province is entered. The country is once more rolling, cultivated, and more thickly inhabited, and the track is motorable some miles east of Nakamti town. Never having been conquered by the Amharas, the ruling people in the province are Gallas, to which race the Dejazmach, a godson of the Emperor, belongs. These people occupy the temperate uplands, while subject races such as the Shankallas live in the valleys. The Dejazmach is young, energetic, progressive, and a charming host. As the cultivation develops and trade with the Sudan increases, so his province, which stretches between the Wama, Dabus, and Blue Nile rivers becomes of growing importance. While the capital—Nakamti—being centrally situated on this main western trade route is rapidly becoming an important trading centre.

Countless caravans bearing coffee, beeswax, spices, and pepper pass through it to the Sudan. While to it come bales of cotton sheeting, cheap household goods and hardware from Gezan and Kurmuk. These caravans consist chiefly of mules and donkeys, which are driven along in a herd, almost invariably preceded by a Nagadi bearing the tent poles. A few camel caravans ply direct between the Sudan and Addis Ababa. However, this method of transport is slow in such mountainous country particularly after rains. Mules are not generally used to the west Nakamti on account of several fly belts which have to be crossed.



A NEGRO WARRIOR OF NAKAMTI PROVINCE: A primitive Shankalla tribesman of the western plateau of Abyssinia. He is carrying an antiquated Steyr rifle over his right shoulder, a club-headed axe is in his left hand, a cartridge belt is round his waist, and suspended from his elbow is a native-made water bottle. His only clothing is a meagre and somewhat tattered loin-cloth

The caravan track crosses the Dadessa river by an excellently constructed hogbacked stone and mortar bridge. Its solidity and the narrowness of the track which joins it at either end being thoroughly incongruous. The river in these reaches runs for some miles through a deep rocky gorge, vegetation growing thickly on both banks. Northwards from the bridge the river flows through the Handuk forest. A tangled mass of steep broken hills, bamboo covered, flanks it on both sides. Elephant grass flourishes in the valleys. Walking is difficult, owing to the density of the vegetation and the lack of game tracks on the lower slopes of the hills. There are no inhabitants on the western bank of the Dadessa river as far as its junction with the Blue Nile. However, now that an attempt is being made to grow cotton some 15 miles north of the bridge, a certain number of Shankallas live in this one place for some weeks during the year, while they plant and pick the cotton.

The first Shankalla villages, collections of beehive shaped thatched huts, are met some fifty miles west of the Blue Nile-Dadessa junction towards Mendi, on the main caravan track. The Shankallas in these parts are the most primitive type of negro. They are predominantly a pastoral people, growing only a few crops.

From Mendi, the last village of any size in the Nakamti province, and a trading centre of growing importance, the track runs to the Dabus river. This forms the boundary between Nakamti province and Bani Shanqul. It is a wide, swift river crossed by a ferry, consisting of a number of dug-out canoes. Into these the merchandise of the caravans is loaded, while the pack beasts are swung across alongside.

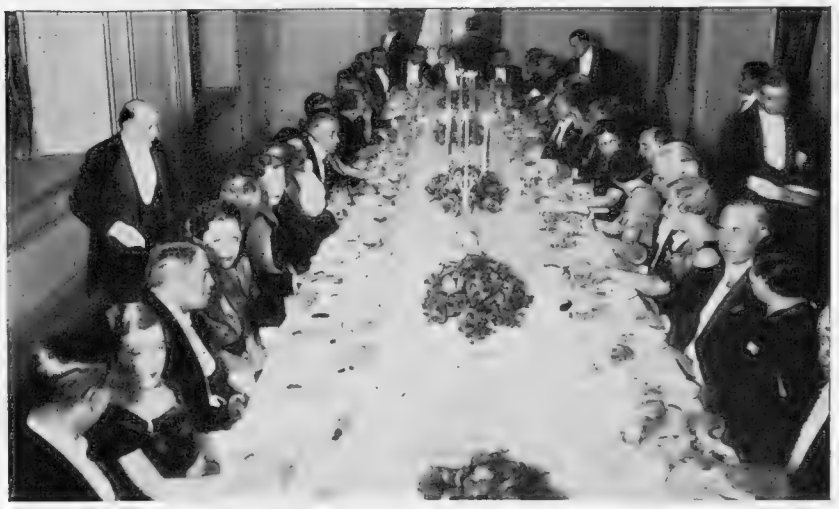
Across the river numbers of Shoghalis are met. They are the ruling race of Bani Shanqul. Here in the villages the Christian churches of the Gallas give place to the mosque, and the Galla greeting to "Salaam aleikum." The men wear a skull cap, pugaree, white flowing coat and long baggy trousers. In appearance they are akin to the Arab races of the Southern Sudan. They all carry the elbow knife and a rifle and many a short, straight, broad-bladed sword. They are a cheerful, independent, hospitable race.

From Mendi, where the track runs down the gradual sloping western edge of the Abyssinian plateau to the Sudan, the temperate vegetation of the uplands gradually yields to scrub and acacia bush. After eight days' marching through this type of country Gezan is reached. This frontier trading town has developed considerably during the last two years, now boasting a square of brick buildings, a police post, and a population of nine Europeans.

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

Happenings in Germany, Hungary, Spain, and South America

AN HUNGARIAN OBERAMMERGAU: Christ Carrying the Cross—a dramatic episode in the Passion Play which is now being held by the people of Budar-osch, a small village near Budapest. Most of the players are local dairy and fruit farmers and the performances take place on Sundays at the little open-air theatre which they have built on the hillside and equipped with their own money



THE END OF A THREE-YEAR STRUGGLE: A picture taken at Monte Video during the dinner given by the Foreign Minister of Uruguay, Dr. José Espalter, to the representatives of Paraguay and Bolivia who had recently signed in Buenos Aires the peace protocol that brought to a close the long and disastrous war in the Gran Chaco

WATCHING PRUSSIA'S MILITARY MACHINE IN ACTION: Officers of the 4th Army Corps, and representatives of the Ministry of Defence, following with maps the progress of the military manœuvres held near Grafenwöhr, Southern Germany

THE LEADER ARRIVES: Chancellor Hitler acknowledging salutes as he reached Grafenwöhr, the military training centre in the Oberfalz district, preparatory to witnessing military manœuvres carried out by the 4th Army Corps

SEEKING A CROWN: Count Stefano di Cervara a member of an old Spanish family, who is making an attempt to establish his right to the Spanish throne. He is at present living in privacy in Barcelona, but he already has quite a number of followers

MISTAKEN IDENTITY: This man, who bears a striking resemblance to Herr Hitler, created a sensation in Nice a few days ago when he was seen walking down the Promenade des Anglais. It was a considerable time before people satisfied themselves that he was not the Chancellor

CEREMONIAL IN A PICTURESQUE HANOVERIAN TOWN: Members of the Hitler Youth Movement, who took part in a recent motor-cycling test through the Harz Mountains, assembled with a military band in front of the old Imperial Palace at Goslar for the roll-call and salute of the flag which preceded the start of the competition

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE

Wives, who are the Subjects of a Host of Injustices at the Hands of an Antiquated Legal System, Seek to Redress their Grievances by Obtaining the Vote

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

ON THE WARPATH: Members of the French League for Women's Rights posting bills in a Paris street to advertise a meeting. The movement now numbers hundreds of thousands

IN FRANCE, self-proclaimed vanguard of civilisation, minors, madmen, wives, and mothers are the property of their masculine owners to dispose of as thought best.

The whole majesty of French law is marshalled on the side of the husband; a wife cannot administer her own estate, have her own bank account, take the least decision concerning the upbringing of her own children, or sign any legal document whatever; if her marriage turns out a failure it is well-nigh impossible for her to obtain a divorce against her husband's will, since adultery (save in very exceptional circumstances) can only be proved against him if committed *in his own home*.

On the other hand, if the knowledge of his wife's unfaithfulness comes to him a husband can inform the Public Prosecutor who is *obliged* to act. Detectives in the State service watch the faithless wife as long as necessary. Article 337 of the Code lays down that a woman convicted of this crime is liable to a minimum sentence of three months and a maximum of two years. Whereas a husband convicted of receiving a woman other than his wife *in his own house* is merely liable to a fine ranging from 17s. to £16. The outraged French husband can legally kill his wife caught *in flagranti delicto;* on the other hand the outraged wife who kills her husband in the same circumstances is (of course) a murderess.

It is unwise of the French wife to seek divorce without obtaining her husband's consent, as he can legally sell all her property before proceedings are instituted and render her penniless. She must, of course, live with her husband wherever he may decide, even, for example, in a tropical climate fatal for her health. If she threatens to leave him, he can legally beat her, withhold money, goods, food, and clothes from her; if despite all, she does leave, the Public Prosecutor will obligingly bring her back under police escort (as has happened, see French law reports). A married actress legally requires not only her husband's permission *each time* that she appears in a new play, but he can veto her appearance *in any particular scene* to which he objects. A husband can open all his wife's letters and prevent her from receiving them. Finally, if he forbids her to see her own parents, no one can raise any valid objection.

The possibilities for abuses under such an archaic code are infinite and, as I know only too well from my own personal knowledge, widespread. But one example: a wife whose husband had left her for another woman was knocked down by a tramcar. Her leg had to be amputated. She wanted to sue the company for damages, but naturally could not do so without her absent husband's permission. This he obligingly gave, and the wife was awarded a regular pension from the company. But she never received a sou, for her husband (perfectly legally) received the payments and kept them.

France proclaims herself the country in which the cult of *la famille* is revered in the highest degree. Yet this staunch upholder of *la famille* puts a premium on more ephemeral unions by withdrawing from a woman from the moment that she marries all the civil rights which in equality with men she possessed as a single woman. A growing number of intelligent women in France to-day deliberately enter into such unions in order to retain control of their own property or the businesses that they may have built up. It is often said in France than women are content with their lot and are not interested in the feminist movement. Masses of French women, treated like chattels or children from their earliest years do not, of course, protest against what seems the natural order any more than they protest when nettles sting or hot water scalds. But if their disabilities were removed, it is a safe bet that there would be no women's movement to get back their present status.

The French women's suffrage movement, which now numbers hundreds of thousands, is greatly handicapped by the difficulties with which any reform is carried out in France. Reforms need big, coherent political parties, such as do not exist in France; they need also an independent Press which is willing to open correspondence columns to the unfettered expression of public opinion. A correspondence in one of the responsible British newspapers (concerning, for example, the recent decision to oppose the Speaker at the next election) marshals and ventilates public opinion in a manner inconceivable in France where the Press is closely controlled by political groups or secret interests.

In the face of such difficulties, the propaganda success of the French feminist movement is proof of its very real strength.

The contrast in methods adopted by the former English suffragette and her French sister of to-day is striking; whereas the English suffragette tried to "bomb" her way to the vote, the French woman is trying to "captivate" her way to it. "We don't want to antagonize our men by a 'sex war'," the young, lovely, and charmingly dressed French feminist leader, Madame Chaskin, told me. "On the contrary, we want to keep their love and friendship by inviting them to side with us to right a social injustice. We don't seek to change the normal relations of the sexes, we only want to remove abuses." The consequence was that during the recent municipal elections if attractive French feminists engaged in battle with the police, their weapons were powder puffs and scent sprays. Instead of indiscriminately antagonising public opinion with bombs, these "captivating" weapons filled the newspapers with delighted accounts of the "battles," while the picture pages showed laughing crowds surrounding policemen covered with face powder. Good publicity, as any expert publicity manager would tell you!

The Senate is at present the ultimate obstacle to the women's vote. The Chamber has more than once passed women's suffrage bills which the Senate has thrown out with the argument that the woman's place is in the home. To which Madame Chaskin replies, unexpectedly: "I absolutely agree—but doesn't it matter *what sort of a home it is?*" But as the majority of deputies sooner or later become senators, it is only a question of time before the present feminist majority infiltrates to the Senate and then French women will have the vote. From that moment, reversing the order of events in England, will begin a new battle which must certainly end in a French Married Women's Property Act. But my guess is that it will take at least another twenty years in die-hard France.

FEMININE APPEAL! French suffragettes standing outside a cafe with giant posters. Unlike their English counterparts of pre-war days, they are attempting to gain their ends by peaceful methods

THE NAVY IN REVIEW

A Special "Sphere" Section to Mark the Occasion of the King's Visit to the Fleet

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by A. Davis

"Sea-lover and sea-rover, throned henceforth
Amid the paths and passes of the sea;
You that have sailed out of our stormy North,
And have not sailed in vain,
To all the golden shores where now you reign;
Through every ocean gate whereof you keep the key:
O may your power and your Dominion stand
Fixt on what things soever make life fair,
And on what things soever make men free,
In duteous love of ordered liberty;
So shall your praise be blown from strand to strand.

(Verses dedicated to the King in 1910 by William Watson)

YOU CAN OBTAIN A COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE (POST FREE) ON APPLYING TO DEPT. SP., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

A DAY OF PAGEANTRY AT THE SPITHEAD REVIEW

The King, in the Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert," Rounds the Lines of the Assembled Fleet

BOOMING A WELCOME: A dramatic picture taken last Tuesday as the warships at Spithead gave a Royal Salute of twenty-one guns when the King arrived from Portsmouth Harbour in the yacht *Victoria and Albert* for the purpose of reviewing his Fleet. It was an ideal day for this great naval spectacle—one of the most stirring events of the Silver Jubilee celebrations—which was witnessed by thousands of people from the decks of liners and by hosts of holiday-makers who crowded the shore

PASSING DOWN THE LINES: The Royal Yacht, seen a few moments after she had slipped from her buoy at the start of the review, and was about to pass H.M.S. *Iron Duke* (*foreground*), Sir John Jellicoe's flagship at Jutland, and H.M.S. *Resolution*, one of the 29,000-ton battleships of the Royal Sovereign Class which was built during the war. As *Victoria and Albert* drew abreast the captain of each vessel called for three cheers for the King—the men responding with an enthusiasm that was most moving in its sincerity. His Majesty, who was plainly visible as he stood on the bridge, acknowledged them with a salute

HANDS TO DINNER: An everyday scene aboard H.M.S. *Rodney*

"A.B.—1935"

A Psychological Study of the Sailor of To-day who has but Little in Common with Either the Illiterate, Rum-loving, Pigtailed Salt of the Nelson Era or the "Jolly-tar" of Popular Melodrama

CALL him Albert Bull—A.B. for short. He joined the Royal Navy when he was fifteen, and although, like every sailorman since the world began, he likes to have his growl once in a while, he spends a good deal of his time being deeply and sincerely thankful therefor. He took that important step, as the average British seaman does, for a perfectly good and commonsense reason. There was no high-falutin sentiment about it. He didn't indulge in any flights of patriotic enthusiasm about Drake and Blake and Nelson's mighty name. It is not the national habit. The Englishman, generally speaking, has too strong a sense of the ridiculous for anything of that kind. It makes him feel a fool except when he happens to have a war on; and he has a horror of feeling a fool.

Quite possibly, somewhere deep down in Albert Bull's subconscious self, his Viking ancestry gave him a push in the direction of the nearest salt water. But what directly induced him to join the Navy may be summed up in two syllables—manure.

Albert at fifteen worked on the farm, and his chief duty was the propulsion of large, weighty, succulent, and seemingly unending barrowloads of that useful agricultural by-product from cowshed to dungheap. Albert grew tired of it.

He didn't particularly want to see foreign parts. He regarded them then, as he still does, with that odd mixture of tolerance, pity, and amusement typical of the travelled and untravelled Briton. But to his youthful imagination—not a specially vivid one—life presented itself as an interminable vista of barrowloads of manure, extending into an illimitable future, and the prospect was not cheering. Albert decided to join the Navy. He got the requisite good character from the Rector of the parish—the King doesn't take "bad bargains" nowadays.

And the Navy took Albert Bull unto herself, as her manner is. She scrubbed him and brushed him and washed behind his ears. She provided him with two jerseys, three pairs of serge trousers, two ditto jumpers, a toothbrush, a bed, and other useful and ornamental articles. She taught him various things which had not been included in the curriculum of the village school. She gave him half-a-dozen of the best when and where required, and turned him out in due course from Shotley a First Class Boy. Thence by easy stages he attained the ratings of Ordinary Seaman and of A.B. proper.

I daresay you may have seen Albert taking part in the inter-port competitions at Olympia, helping to whisk about ponderous masses of metal as if they were cardboard containers. The grey-haired warrant officers who entered the Service thirty years ago are inclined to look with a jaundiced eye on modern methods of training. They remember the days of the sailing brigs, where they learned to lay aloft smartly with a ship's corporal behind them cutting their bare calves with a cane. Yet the extraordinary thing is that physical standards are higher in the New Navy than they were in the Old, with all the latter's methods of keeping fit in the way of going aloft.

Or you may meet him on board one or other of His Majesty's ships during Navy Week, shepherding such of the civilian public as come his way round his own particular floating home, and explaining the mysteries of that terrifying box of complicated mechanical tricks which is a modern fighting ship. Probably, too, you will notice that he devotes rather special attention to any pretty girls who are being shown round, for in that respect at least he is true to traditional type.

In that respect, but not in all. In most ways, outwardly at least, Albert Bull, A.B., has but little in common with either the illiterate, rum-loving, quid-chewing, pigtailed salt of the Nelson era, or the trouser-hitching "jolly tar" of popular melodrama. The mysteries of hemp and flax are a sealed book to him; on the other hand, he is a skilled craftsman accustomed to handle delicate and difficult mechanisms under all sorts of conditions. He no longer cuts out his own "baggies," and makes them up on his own sewing-machine like the immortal Smee, nor does he get into a tub and do his own washing with his bare toes. Ashore, his clothes go to the wash like other people's; afloat he enlists the services of a "dobey" firm, made up of a few of his shipmates who have elected to add to their incomes by taking in the washing of the less skilled, the less industrious, and the less needy. He eats with a knife, fork, and spoon like anyone else, instead of, as he did until quite lately, with a clasp knife supplemented with the forks provided by kindly Nature. He drinks his tea from a cup and saucer. He does not make up his tobacco into a tight plait as old sailors used to, nor does he chew. He is a valued member of the ship's Funny Party, his special line being that of Female Impersonations. He goes ashore for a "drop o' leaf" with his possessions in a fibre suit-case instead of the time-honoured bundle handkerchief. Blue-jackets with suit-cases! That innovation to many of the diehards of the Lower Deck was the beginning of the end. And once ashore he conducts himself like a reasonable human being, instead of blowing his pay on such diversions as buying a dozen gold watches and frying them in a pan.

But tradition, especially at sea, dies hard. There is the matter of speech, for instance. Much of Albert's language goes back to the days before Trafalgar, and a good deal of it is as incomprehensible to the landsman as double Dutch. The purser, or "pusser," for example, survives in several phrases such as "pusser's yellow," (otherwise Navy soap), or a "pusser's name," though there has long been no purser's rank under the White Ensign. The Navy's weekly half-holiday is still a "make-and-mend," though it is seldom given up either to mending or making. Words anglicised from the French are numerous, these almost certainly deriving from the Napoleonic period; "jaunty" for "master-at-arms," obviously a rendering of *gendarme*, "mungey" for food, "matlow" signifying an A.B. (French *matelot*). Portsmouth is invariably "Pompey," none knows why. Bully beef—"Harriet Lane" in the merchant service for a like reason—immortalises in the name of "Fanny Adams" the recollection of a peculiarly revolting crime otherwise long forgotten.

And tradition goes a lot deeper than that—the elusive, indescribable thing called the spirit of the service, which in the dark days of Spithead and Nore mutinies a hundred years ago saved England from disaster. What is it, this Soul of the Navy? It is a thing as hard to explain as souls mostly are. But watch Albert Bull, A.B., showing the "Victory". Then you will understand.

C. Fox Smith

"MAKE AND MEND": In the old days when this order was given it meant that the sailors must set to and repair their clothes, to-day it announces an afternoon, which can be devoted to either rest or recreation. These men are taking advantage of their free time to enjoy a siesta on the mess deck

HIS MAJESTY AS A CHILD: A picture taken in the 1870's when Prince George, as he was then called, was between eight and ten years of age. At that time there seemed little likelihood of his coming to the throne and it had probably already been decided that he should carve out a career for himself in the navy

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: Prince Albert, Duke of Clarence, and Prince George (*right*) seen together in 1880 before they started out on a world cruise in H.M.S. *Bacchante*. On their return home they published an elaborate account of their voyage

IN COMMAND: The King on the deck of H.M.S. *Crescent*, the vessel of which he was in charge during manœuvres in 1898

The King's Naval Career

From Middy to Captain

King George was in one sense more fortunate than his father in that he was not in the direct succession to the throne until his twenty-seventh year and thus was able to carry on, unfettered, his career in the Navy. Although his period of service was eventually cut short by the untimely death of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, His Majesty proved himself an accomplished naval officer, and, as Admiral Hay put it, "was no carpet seaman, but one who served like the rest of us."

The future King George V was born at Marlborough House in 1865 and entered the Navy in 1877, joining *Britannia* at Spithead as an ordinary cadet for two years. He then "passed out" and joined H.M.S. *Bacchante*, commanded by Lord Charles Scott, for a short educational cruise to the West Indies. Almost immediately after his return home in 1880 he started out again in *Bacchante* with his elder brother on an extended tour which carried them over half the world.

After this the brothers took different roads: Prince George continuing the normal career of a sailor, being promoted sub-lieutenant and posted to H.M.S. *Canada*, then on the North American station. On his return he passed through the R.N.C. Greenwich, completed courses in gunnery and torpedo training, and was promoted lieutenant in 1885 at the age of twenty. In '86 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Thunderer* in the Mediterranean and passed on to *Dreadnought* and *Alexandra*. That carried him on until 1889, when he joined the flagship of the Channel Squadron, and was given a command (T.B. *No. 79*). In 1890 he commanded the gunboat *Thrush* on the North American station and was promoted commander in 1891. Prince George had just received command of H.M.S. *Melampus* when, in January, 1892, the Duke of Clarence died, thus making him heir-presumptive and making it necessary for him to sever partially his connection with the Service. At sea, however, he had gained much valuable experience and his training in the Navy proved an admirable preparation for the arduous duties of kingship he was destined to carry out with such wisdom and dignity.

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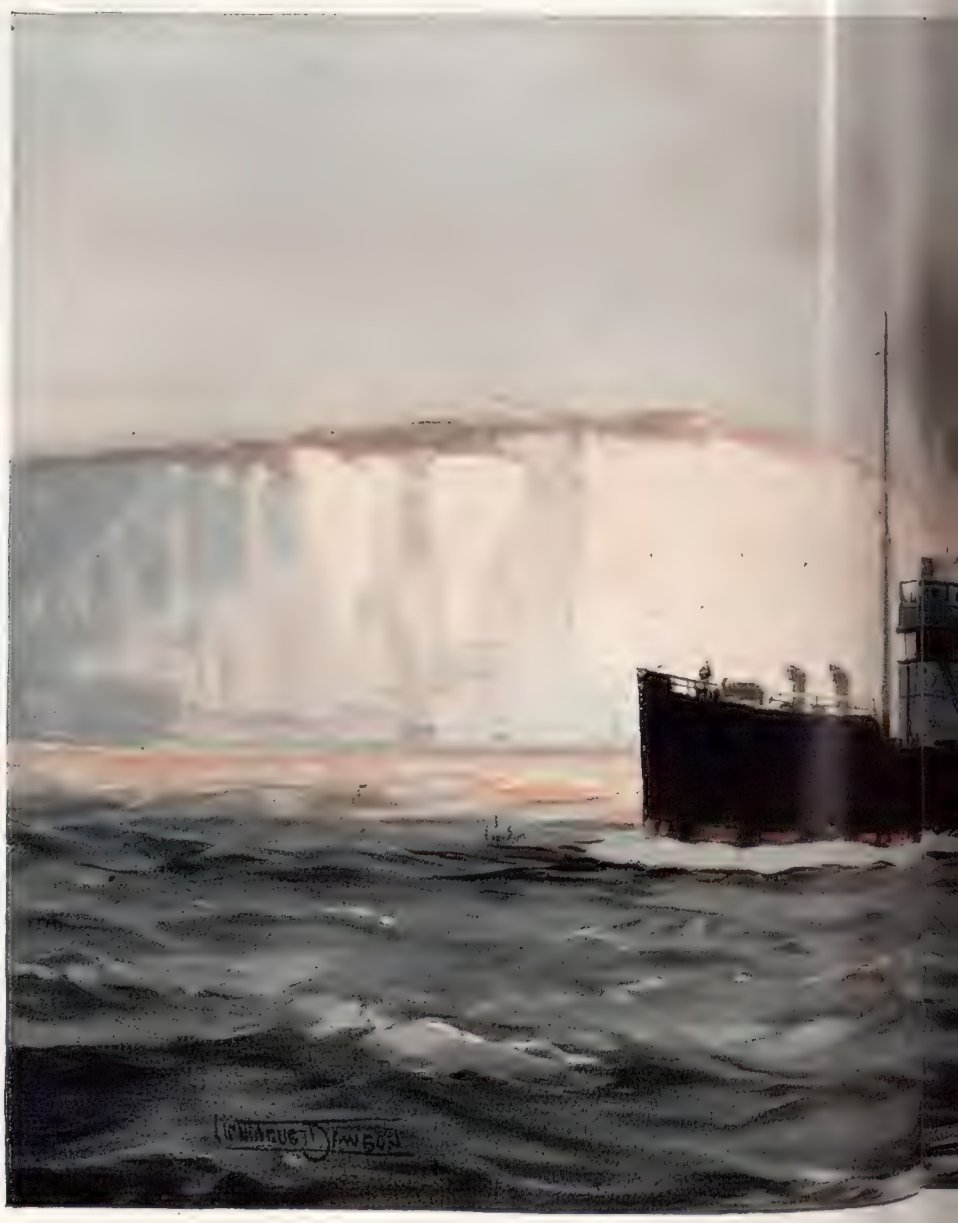
Above—THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE HEAD OF THE FLEET: A picture produced specially for this issue of "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson, the well-known painter of marine subjects

"England expects"—as a sailor must
When Duty bids obey,
He faced his task with the simple trust
That holds through the darkest day;
He has stood his trick at the nation's helm
With a tangle of reefs alee—
Sailor and King who has served his realm,
As a seaman serves his sea!

☆ ☆ ☆

He gave his youth to the ships and the seas,
He learned them from A to Z:
He has known them in war, he has known them in peace,
Under ensigns white and red:
Battleship, liner, trawling fleet,
Let their trade be what it may,
They are King's Ships all that are gathered to greet
Sailor and King to-day!



On Right—THE TRAMP: Specially painted for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson

Britain's Sailor KING

A Tribute in Verse

By C. FOX SMITH

He had given his heart to the sea and the ships
As none but a sailor may—
To the sun and the wind and the salt on the lips,
And the tang of the deepsea spray.
He had learned his trade in the hard old school
Wherein since time began
Man learned to serve ere he learned to rule
Ships and his fellow-man.

☆ ☆ ★

He looked to the sea and he looked to the shore;
He marked the signal clear;
It bade him follow the sea no more
And the life that he held so dear;
It called him back by the claim of birth
From the ships he loved and knew
To tackle the toughest of tasks on earth—
The job that's a King's to do!

(*Continued on left, below*)

CRAVEN "A"

She has found that there is one cigarette which is completely enjoyable on all occasions, and which does not affect her throat—CRAVEN 'A,' perfect in flavour, unvarying in quality.

CRAVEN "A"

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SINGLE LINE AHEAD: Vessels of the Grand Fleet seen from the deck of *Queen Elizabeth*, the flagship of Admiral Sir David Beatty (now Earl Beatty), the Commander-in-Chief. The second ship, which is towing an observation balloon, is the battleship, *Orion*, which survived the war but has since been scrapped

THE FLEET IN WAR-TIME

A Series of Camera Studies taken by Humphrey Joel in the North Sea between 1914 and 1918

GUARDIANS OF THE TRADE ROUTES: Some of the 15-in. guns of the battleship, *Queen Elizabeth*—one of the veterans that took part in last Tuesday's review at Spithead. She was laid down at Portsmouth in 1912 and completed in 1915 at a cost of over £3,000,000

A WELCOME INTERLUDE: A submarine alongside a battleship at Scapa Flow when the officers and men were invited to go aboard the larger vessel for dinner following their return from patrol duty in the North Sea. During war-time it was only very occasionally that opportunities such as this occurred for getting away from their cramped and crowded quarters

MASSED MIGHT: A view from H.M.S. *Hood* of the Royal yacht (*extreme right*) as she was about to pass in review *Iron Duke, Resolution, Revenge, Royal* [illegible]*vereign*, and *Queen Elizabeth*, at the start of the journey down the lines of warships. Previous to this the King, accompanied by three of his sons, had received [illegible]n board *Victoria and Albert* the Board of Admiralty, the flag officers, masters of merchant ships, and skippers of the fishing fleets

CASCADES OF COLOURED FIRE TRANSFORMING THE NIGHT SKY: The brilliant scene at Spithead on the evening of the day of the review which was brought to a close with a magnificent display of illuminations that lasted from 10 p.m. until midnight. At one period each destroyer was bridged with a single line of light stretching over her masts from stem to stern, and every capital ship was fully outlined, including hull, masts, and control tower. The flagships all had their flags picked out in crimson light, and high on the superstructure they carried illuminated crowns and the letters G.R.

"Handsome Is as Handsome Does!"

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LIFE in the SENIOR SERVICE

REMOVING THE "SCARS OF WAR": A painting party at work at Gibraltar on a destroyer of the Mediterranean Fleet following the recent combined exercises in the Atlantic, and preparatory to returning to home waters for the Silver Jubilee Naval Review

MORNING PRAYERS ON THE FORECASTLE

An impressive scene on board H.M.S. *Rodney*, the 33,000-ton battleship of the Second Battle Squadron of the Home Fleet

A PEON WOMAN: One of the religious-minded peasantry who felt so deeply the expulsion of the priests and the closing of the churches in Mexico — anti-religious enactments directly attributable to the influence of Plutarco Calles

Mexico's Bloodless Revolution

General Lazaro Cardenas, the Youthful President, Asserts His Authority and Brings to an End the Power of Plutarco Calles, the Man Who for so Long has Dominated the Political Situation and has so Persistently Attacked the Roman Catholic Church

By NELSON SPRINGER

MEXICO has accomplished its first bloodless revolution. The power of *Plutarco Elias Calles* is at an end, and he has gone into voluntary exile. General Saturnino Cedillo, arch-enemy of Calles is a member of the new cabinet. A general amnesty to the "Red Shirts," bitter foes of the Roman Catholic church, has been declared. (Members of the organisation fled Mexico City with the fall of Calles.) Restrictions upon the Catholic church are being rapidly modified. *Lazaro Cardenas*, Mexico's youthful and puritanical president, is dominating the situation.

Strangely enough, this revolution was an uprising against a private citizen, for Calles occupied no official post. It was undoubtedly brought to pass by Calles' extreme measures against the Catholic church and his program of "socialistic" education, which included the study of birth control and taught atheism.

It should be noted, moreover, that Cardenas was Calles' choice for the presidency. To be sure, there was an election, but the pro-Catholics were not allowed to run their original choice for the presidency, Gilberto Valenzuela, a lawyer who is in exile in El Paso, Texas. They substituted Antonio Villarreal, but he never had a chance. The Calles organisation saw to that. Cardenas was "the white-headed boy," and now he has overthrown the "strong man of Mexico."

What really happened was that Cardenas and Calles got their signals crossed. They arrived at a public disagreement in which each made extreme statements, and in which neither expected the other to adhere to the position he had thus publicly assumed. As a result, one had to withdraw unless both were to fight. In fact, Cedillo, prominent and ardent Catholic, who was then Governor of the State of San Luis Potesi, threatened to march on the capital with 15,000 irregular agrarian troops unless Calles withdrew from politics.

It was probably the Cedillo threat, coupled with the increased smuggling of arms and ammunition from the United States and elsewhere, that prevailed upon Calles, whose life work for Mexico has been the substitution of constitutional means for violence. To be sure, Calles' activity has often been "extra-constitutional," unless he himself could have been regarded as the Mexican constitution; but it is true that under his influence violence in the country has shrunk amazingly, if it has not entirely disappeared.

But on June 13 a vessel from the United States, laden with arms and ammunition, was seized; and on June 15 a man was arrested in Juarez in the attempt to smuggle arms and ammunition into the country. The war department hastened to change military commands.

Although it was the religious issue that weakened Calles' hand to the point at which Cardenas could successfully declare his independence, the battle was fought over economic principles. Strikes have been multiplying in Mexico, notably against foreign capital. Calles had charged that they were being encouraged by Cardenas, whom he also alleged was trying to convert Mexico into a Soviet state. Cardenas had countered by declaring that Calles was seeking to set up a Fascist regime in Mexico. Calles has been cordial to foreigners, certainly to Americans, and he has counted on foreign capital to aid him in his attempted modernisation of the country and in his effort to substitute science for religion. Had Calles chosen to fight, it is exceedingly doubtful whether Cardenas could have counted on anything better from the United States than neutrality.

The whole revolution was filled with upsets and surprises. When the issue was joined between Cardenas and Calles, the latter's followers boasted that Cardenas would come to terms quickly because Calles could muster "70 per cent. of the army." But, even as the boast was being made, Cardenas was being deluged with communications from generals, governors, mayors, and other leaders, pledging their unqualified loyalty to him.

As if to add to the confusion, Cardenas then offered the presidency of the National Revolutionary Party to Portes Gil, former president. It was over Portes Gil's signature that the Mexican Government recently published its official and voluminous defence of its hostility to the Roman Catholic Church, which included a detailed and bitter review of the part which the Catholic Church has played in Mexican history.

Large consolation to the Catholics, however, came in the elimination of Tomas Canabal, former governor of Tabasco, and titular head of the "Red Shirts," from the political scene. Canabal's violent opposition to the Catholic Church did nothing to aid Calles' policies.

But the interest in Mexican affairs is now apparently shifted from the religious issue to its foreign relations. A great deal of capital has been invested in the country as a result of Calles' policies. The question is now whether the Cardenas Government will adopt policies that amount to expropriation.

The latest light on the situation is shed by the demand of certain labour groups that all of Calles' property, and all of the property of his relatives, be expropriated, on the ground that he and his have grown wealthy at the expense of the country.

Whatever may be said against him, however, it must be remembered that there are many inside and outside Mexico who still regard Calles as a great public benefactor, and who consider his régime to have been the most stable and the best that the country has ever had. Mexico has never before seen a man of his like and perhaps never will again. Calles combines all the ability of the ruthless Porfirio Diaz with all the love of the people of the equally ruthless Pancho Villa, and he possesses a gift that belonged to neither of those men; the gift of having power but not always using it. He showed this when at the end of his term of office as President he did not stand again but stepped aside, true to his enunciation of principle, to make room for Obregon. Calles also deserves a word of praise for the manner in which he has always tried to avoid the extirpation of his enemies.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS: Plutarco Calles (*left*), the man behind the scenes in Mexican politics, who has been forced into exile as a result of a disagreement with General Lazaro Cardenas (*right*), the President whom he helped to put into office

MEXICO'S NATIONAL SPORT: The ring packed with tier upon tier of excited spectators during a recent bull-fight in the capital

Five Hundred Years of Art in Brussels

Rare Works on View at the Great International Exhibition

THE ART OF HUGO VAN DER GOES: An example of the work of an artist whose naturalistic style had a marked influence on Flemish painting in the fifteenth century. This portrait has been lent to the Brussels International Exhibition by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ART has become a matter of public interest, like drainage, speed limits, and the re-arming of Germany. One fortunate result is that exhibitions like those held in Burlington House during the past few years, illustrating more completely than permanent exhibitions can hope to do the art of separate countries, have proved a huge success.

The latest has been organised in Belgium in connection with the Brussels World Fair, and provides a complete survey of the major and minor arts as practised in Brussels, and Brabant generally, between 1400 and 1900. Side by side with this magnificent collection there is an exhibition of 500 years of art in Europe as a whole, the collections being furnished by the countries whose art they illustrate.

The organiser is Monsieur Paul Lambotte, former director of the Brussels Beaux Arts, and the man who arranged the great London exhibition of Flemish art in 1927.

The exhibition is dominated by the works of Rogier van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Dirk Bouts, Breughel, and the disciples of each—the Brabançonne School—one of the rarest and most significant in the history of the art of the Lowlands. It begins with the primitives, from round about 1400, whose influence upon subsequent Flemish and Dutch art was much greater than is generally supposed. Not mere historical pieces, but lovely masterpieces, rare in composition and design, tender in colour; a mixture of that gentle realism natural to the soil, and of a quality of the imagination which may, in some cases, owe its influence to Italy.

At the head of the Brabançonne School stands Rogier van der Weyden, or Roger de la Pasture as some prefer to call him. He is close enough to Van Eyck to remind one vividly of the Antwerp master; but his style is individual, and, though preserving much of the delicate wonder of the primitives, foreshadows that boldness and naturalism which already, in his lifetime, becomes a striking characteristic of the school, leading through Van der Goes to the masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He was born at Tournai in 1400 and died at Brussels in 1464: some believe that he, not Van Eyck, introduced oil painting into Italy.

"ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN": A masterpiece by Rogier van der Weyden, who was a contemporary of the more famous Van Eyck brothers, and worked in Brussels from 1432 until his death in 1464

Among the masterpieces of Van der Weyden, which Monsieur Lambotte has succeeded in luring to Brussels, is his "St. Luke Painting the Virgin," which comes from Boston. It is very lovely: in colour cool and fresh, tenderly drawn, and revealing through an open loggia the slightly dramatised landscape peculiar to this painter. To the early Flemish primitives, landscape is as essential and symbolic as their main theme, and is idealised. Van der Weyden, with his sombre tints and blood-red evening lights, and his theatrical massing of rocks and trees, dramatised it. Van der Goes added realism.

What lucky fellows these Belgian painters were. Nurtured in the light of Flanders and Brabant, which, like that of Holland, is two-thirds of the landscape, they, quite naturally, filled

THE LEFT WING OF A TRYPTYCH BY ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN: A picture with the slightly dramatized landscape that is such a feature of this artist's work. It has been lent to the organisers of the Brussels exhibition by the authorities at the Louvre

every open window with the glow of their gentle sky. Rock, ravine, cliff and torrent, disposed among trees of strange shape and foliage, come often from an Italianate imagination; but the light that shines upon them, delicately moist and unimaginably soft in tint, is the light of Flanders. It shines through all these pictures of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and invests them with a tender intimacy which is more than the half of their glory.

It warms the realism of that astonishing and rare master, Hugo van der Goes. Hugo was born twenty years later than Van der Weyden, and went a great deal further along the path of naturalism. His figures, sharply drawn, can be believed in as easily as those of Breughel, who came much later; and his colours, cool and

"THE MARQUIS DE LEGANES": This picture by Van Dyck was recently sold by the present Marquis to Monsieur Jean Schmit, of Paris, and is now being placed on public exhibition for the first time. The remarkably detailed background, showing a review of troops, was added by P. Snayers

"THE FÊTE OF THE ARCHERS AT BRUSSELS": An elaborate canvas by David Teniers, the younger, who was painter to the Court of the Habsburgs. His pictures, which display great feeling for colour and delicacy of touch, bear witness to the influence of Rubens

richly varied, come loyally to the support of his vigorous, realistic tendencies. For a long time the only known authentic work of Van der Goes was the "Adoration of the Shepherds at the Uffizi;" but others have since justified the attribution, and among the proven examples at Brussels this summer will be a powerful "Portrait of a Man," from the New York Metropolitan Museum.

The school goes on through Dirk Bouts, who recalls Rogier Van der Weyden except in his superior use of colour; Bernard d'Orley, whose masterpiece, "The Marriage of the Virgin," comes from the Louvre, and of whom there is also an enchanting "Magdalene" from the collection of Madame Von Pennwitz; Colyn de Coter, one of the rarest masters of the school; Breughel the Elder, whose examples will include the amusing "Magpie on the Gallows," from Darmstadt, and the curious "Shepherd running from the Wolf," which comes from the Johnson collection at Philadelphia; and David Teniers, with his jolly inn-scenes and Breughel-like crowds. Of the earlier period there will be examples by artists who, like the Master of Flémalle, are known to us only by the surname of the church or town in which their rare works have been found.

The contemplation of such masterpieces gives one almost a sense of nostalgia. Theirs, one concludes, was not such a bad world after all. The fact is that art reconciles us to history. The record of the past would be a sad thing if it were not for the efforts of such

(*Continued on p.* 118)

SWALLOW DIVE: A graceful demonstration from the spring board at North Berwick bathing pool, which is pleasantly situated close to the sea shore

WATER SPORTS

July Holiday-makers at Swimming-Pools in England and France

A HUMAN BOBSLEIGH

Holiday-makers take the water with a splash at the popular open air swimming-pool at Tynemouth, Northumberland

Mrs. Lezard walks up the steps from the beautiful tiled pool into the glare of the July sun

AT LE TOUQUET

The World's Record Reindeer Drive

The Indomitable Courage of a Man of Over Sixty who, in Five Years of Sustained Effort, Succeeded in Moving a Vast Herd a Distance of 3,600 Miles and thus Ensured the Future Food Supply of the Canadian Eskimos

THE GREAT TREK: Reindeer grazing in Canada's far north—a picture taken during the cross-country drive from Nabaktoolit, Alaska, to the Canadian Government Station at Kittigazuit. The actual distance covered was 3,600 miles, and the distance as the crow flies was about 1,200 miles

WHEN Andy Bahr, Norwegian Laplander, and his ten Eskimo assistants, recently drove 2,300 reindeer into the corrals of the Canadian Government station at Kittigazuit, Mackenzie Territory, it marked the end of the most spectacular cross-country herding of animals useful to man in the entire recorded history of the race

Reindeer numbering 3,000 were started out from Nabaktoolit, Alaska, for Kittigazuit, northern Canada, on December 22, 1929. At that time Andy Bahr, even then perhaps the most famous reindeer herder in the world, and other authorities in Alaska, estimated the drive would require two winters and one summer. Instead, it took four winters and three summers to move the animals even from the Buckland Valley in Western Alaska to the Mackenzie delta, and 5¼ years in all before the terrific barrier of the Mackenzie River was crossed, and the animals, depleted by 700 of their original number, were finally delivered at the headquarters of the 6,500 square mile range prepared for them by the Department of the Interior.

These very facts only serve to magnify the greatness of the undertaking. And it was no more than justly due to Andy Bahr, that on his return to his adopted city of Seattle, Washington, a public holiday was declared in his honour. Strange to relate: this bandy-legged, little man, past the three-score mark, who returned to be acclaimed the hero of the year, yet found that during his absence his Seattle investments, representing the savings of a lifetime had been swept away in a depression of which he knew not the existence in the primitive wild across which for five-and-a-quarter years he struggled against incredible obstacles of Nature in her most savage and hostile moods. He returned home to find himself dispossessed.

In 1892, when only a youth, Bahr, bow-legged, squat, little of stature, had already so established his reputation for handling reindeer in Lapland that the United States Government hired him to come to Alaska as a leader and teacher to the Eskimo there. For between 1892–1902 the United States Government had imported to Alaska 1,280 reindeer from Siberia and Lapland. This was done to help the Eskimo, then living precariously by hunting. The Alaska reindeer project was chiefly due to the vision and work of Charles H. Townsend and Sheldon Jackson. Through their efforts this herd of 1,280 reindeer by 1935 had increased to a million head, with 750,000 still left after feeding the native population for forty years. By this action of the United States Government the Eskimo were changed to a prosperous people.

In 1925, the Canadian Government viewed with growing alarm the future of their wards, the Canadian Eskimo. These people, through contact with white men, had deserted their ancient primitive ways, turning trappers. Equipped with modern fire-arms they had terribly depleted the game, and were fast taking out the fur. They had exchanged their healthy natural living conditions for the food, clothes, utensils of civilisation.

In view of this the Canadian Government gave careful study to the success of the American reindeer experiment in putting its Eskimo on a self-supporting basis for the future. If the United States could play the role of St. Nicholas by producing an inexhaustible supply of reindeer, Canada certainly could, for in her northland she had 1,000,000 square miles, most of which land was heavily carpeted with three kinds of mosses and several species of lichens and seventy kinds of grasses and sedges suitable to reindeer. These regions had formerly been the range of countless caribou, which is practically the same animal in the wild state as the reindeer.

NATURE'S MIGHTY BARRIER: One of the many channels forming the seventy-mile wide delta at the mouth of the Mackenzie where the herd was held up for two years. The river could only be crossed when the ice with which it was frozen over was itself covered with a thick layer of snow

AN ARMY ON THE MARCH: Some of the reindeer pouring down a snow-covered slope in Alaska

To establish the best place for the starting of the reindeer experiment, and have fullest information on the raising of the animal in general, the Lands, North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior of the Canadian Government, in May 1926, sent two of its most experienced scientists, the brothers, A. E. and R. T. Porsild, to investigate. Both had lived long with the Eskimo, spoke the language fluently, and were trained botanists. They spent ten months in Alaska, and twenty in Canada. They journeyed 15,000 miles, mostly by dog-sled. From their twenty-month survey in Canada, a range of 6,600 square miles was selected, divided into summer and winter range, with one headquarters at Kittigazuit, and another fifty miles inland from Aklavik, the closest point to river transportation with the outside world. At both stations are substantial cabins for a dozen men, and corrals to hold the present herd.

One of the features of the survey was the use of a machine called an "Odometer." This is operated by a wheel drawn behind the dog-sled, and measures the mileage; an invaluable aid to men laying out ranges on so vast an extent as they were doing for the reindeer.

During the thirty months in which their work was being carried out, the Canadian Government closed a deal with the Lomen Reindeer Corporation of Alaska to pay 195,000 dollars for 3,000 reindeer *on delivery* at Hittigazuit.

The price of 65 dollars a head for a reindeer, an animal which, according to the Porsild report, dresses from £75 to £150, looked like good pay to the Lomens. These alert Americans, with characteristic vision and initiative, in 1914 had seen the value of reindeer meat for marketing in the outside world. In twenty years, by improved breeding, herding and other methods, they built up a herd of 250,000 deer.

The Lomens little realized that, while the distance between the picked herd of 3,000 reindeer at Nabaktoolit, Alaska, and Kittigazuit along the Canadian Arctic Coast, was only 1,200 miles in a straight line, it was a terrible lot farther when you have to find grazing ground far along the way for 3,000 deer. The Lomens, and even Bahr himself, for all his experience in herding, never dreamed the nature of that nnknown country lying between.

Eventually it meant finding passes through three high mountain ranges. It required travelling 3,600 miles to accomplish the 1,200. The herd was constantly

(*Continued on p.* 118)

A HALTING-PLACE ON THE JOURNEY: A corral built for the reindeer from driftwood and erected on a narrow neck of land between the sea on one side and a freshwater lagoon on the other. Wood is very scarce in these regions near the Arctic Circle, and it took many weeks to erect this enclosure

Camera studies by Douglas Went

Top—NOONDAY BESIDE THE OLD HENRY STREET MILL: Farmhands watering their horses in the stream provide a delightfully refreshing picture

'NEATH SUMMER SKIES

The Beauties of the Suffolk Countryside

Above—NATURE'S FRAGRANT CARPET: Gathering marguerites, which are now at their loveliest, in one of the meadows below picturesque Dalham Mill

SIR SEYMOUR AND LADY HICKS: Leaving their house in Cheyne Walk for last week's investiture at Buckingham Palace, where the King conferred the honour of a knighthood on the famous actor

WEEK-ENDING AT FRINTON: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who is now appearing at the Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, in the successful play, *Tovarich*, seen with his wife on the beach. Sir Cedric's latest film is *Becky Sharp*, the all-colour production at the New Gallery in which he gives a brilliant rendering of the part of the Marquis of Steyne

IN DOUBLE HARNESS: Laddie Cliff (*left*) and Clifford Whitley (*right*) who have gone into partnership to produce *Love Laughs*—the musical comedy which has made such a "hit" at the Hippodrome

DRAMA *of the* WEEK

"Public Saviour No. 1"—a Melodrama Full of Good Intentions but with Little Real Merit : The Guitry's Provide Slight but Entertaining Fare at Daly's : The Russian Ballet Thrives in Spite of the Heat Wave

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THAT Mr. John Frushard had no intention of being blasphemous and is as decent and sincere a dramatist (if not, perhaps, a very skilled one) as ever walked on shoe-leather I am as surely convinced as I am that his play at the Piccadilly Theatre, *Public Saviour No. 1*, is an irreverent and wholly unnecessary business. Its clumsiness as a melodrama, with a moral to it, even if virtue has rather a bad time, cannot be turned into a box-office asset and attract crowds who delight to laugh in the wrong places. *Young England*, it will be remembered, enjoyed this type of success. But not in this country do we as yet snigger at unconscious travesties of sacred things, and this sort of gangsterised Oberammergau will have to be taken seriously and at its face value. Which, I fear, does not amount to much.

If the author had set out to write an American crook play, plain and highly coloured, he might have got away with it. Some of the scenes when crook meets crook, when revolvers and machine-guns are produced and an unfortunate man is tied to his chair and tortured, are well done and would doubtless have appealed to the playgoers who like this type of thing, and many of them do. Unfortunately, in an honest endeavour to make the Drama Something Better Mr. Frushard has made his play much worse. I doubt whether anyone could have diplomatically mingled Chicago in 1935 with Jerusalem in the first part of the first century. In this case the mixture is so grotesquely ill-assorted that the result is usually boring when it is not painful, and frequently it is both.

Religious drama rarely escapes religiosity. Such specimens of it as have drawn the multitude, if not to grace at least to the box-office window, have had few other merits—and I speak from an experience which includes both *The Sign of the Cross* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. *Public Saviour No. 1* is reminiscent of the latter in that what one must presume to be the figure of Christ Himself appears on the stage in modern dress, reproves sinners, and is gazed upon with affectionate awe by a repentant Magdalene. The alternate method is to represent Divinity by a shaft of limelight, a method which has also been used to denote the presence behind or near the footlights of the late Queen Victoria.

Mr. Frushard's method further includes the portrayal of the Biblical story step by step in up-to-date fashion and surroundings. The analogy might have been impressive and there is no doubt that it was intended to be; indeed, I have rarely known a play so full of good intentions. None the less, the presence of a babe born in a garage instead of a manger, with three Wise Men (an American financier, an English baronet, and a German count) arriving, for some inscrutable reason, to pay their attentions, simply left one wondering why. The child as a supernaturally wise boy of twelve or so lecturing to a group of wrangling schoolmasters carried the analogy still further, and it was not the fault of the youth who played the part that the atmosphere was one of insufferable priggishness.

The gangsters do not appear until the adult stage, with Mr. John Stuart as the protagonist, adored by one of them whose child had been miraculously cured. The rival gang, however, are victorious in what I must endeavour to describe with such decorum as is possible as a machine-gun version of the Crucifixion. The parallel with 2,000 years ago is faithfully carried out in somewhat embarrassing detail.

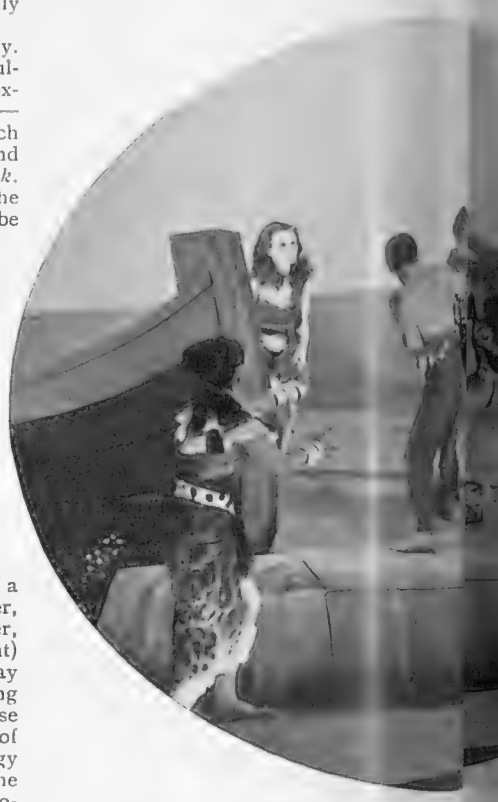
Mr. Stuart had a difficult job. I congratulate him on refraining from attitudinising and from booming forth his various messages in sonorous and sepulchral tones. He played the part with easy and quite unimpressive naturalness, like the good-looking *jeune premier* he is. A wise and diplomatic course. Miss Vera Lennox, most plentifully and decorously clad, did not strike me, as a modern Magdalene, that she had ever been, or could ever be, desperately wicked. But then she had only the dullest of night clubs in which to exercise her seductive wiles.

The gangsters, Messrs. Charles Farrell and Nat Lewis in particular, were realistically gangsterish, and when they were functioning this odd play showed some semblance of life.

More of the Guitrys.—The second stage of the Guitry entertainment—*c'est le mot juste*, for M. Guitry worries not at all about moral uplift or the discussion of problems—at Daly's Theatre I found even slighter than the first. But far more interesting. We began with a diverting exhibition of pseudo-academicism; Sacha at a desk, wearing spectacles and reading from leaves of manuscript, gay, but a trifle owlish. He told us things never heard in college lecture rooms, and he called i little business *Un Homme d'Hier et une Fem d'Aujourd'hui*, with Mlle Jacqueline Delu appearing as the Femme d'Aujourd'hui to wind a one-sided debate.

"I learnt about women from 'er" cha Mr. Rudyard Kipling. One could learn about thousandth part of what constitutes a woma outlook on life from M. Guitry, and no hu being could ever hope to learn more.

A short three-act play *Mon Double et Moitié* followed. This was a farcical trifle in wh there are two men exactly alike, one of them be the lover of the wife of the other. The trou about doubles—in the stage sense as in other sen —is that they are apt to cause mental confus That is to say, if the physical resemblance is no close. Usually it is not, when the play's wh point is destroyed, I once saw a performance *The Comedy of Errors* in which the two Dro resembled each other as little as—say—Sir H. Wood resembles Mr. Nelson Keys. Indeed, only really perplexing "doubles" I have h



THE FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY ON MOUNT AR The struggle between Shem, Ham, and J which is eventually stopped by the wisdom of wives, and following which they go out fro world to found nations. A dramatic episod *Noah*, the successful play at the New Th based on a fantasy from the French of Andr John Gielgud (*extreme right*) is in the ca

are the Dolly Sisters, whom I have not yet seen Shakespeare, though there is yet time.

M. Guitry solved the whole difficulty by p both parts himself. As a piece of stage-tricker was as convincing as it was amusing, and to see advancing to shake hands with his rival the actual shadow one could see on the door was a rate farce situation. The "two" men fight a in which honour is satisfied without physical in to either. M. Guitry carried on the joke eve the curtain-call, frantically beckoning the fellow to come on the stage and bow, and shrugging his shoulders in helpless resignation he was not obeyed. A good joke, which re the lightest possible handling, which, of cours received.

Mlle Delubac, in an alluring pair of trousers, cleverly showed comic distress, and *bonne* of Mlle Pauline Carton was the true bo of France.

Russian Ballet.—Sweltering nights have no effect on the popularity of the Ballet, and at matinées attendance has been surprisingly g For Covent Garden is as cool as a cathedral.

Petrouchka has now been added to the repe Stravinsky wrote this in the days when he w musical genius; he has since transferred himse the "man of considerable talent" stage. orchestra did not play the difficult music as w I have heard it played. It must be remembe however, in all fairness that this orchestra has on continuous duty since the latter part of A

HIGHLIGHTS OF "LOVE LAUGHS": *Above and on right*—Two amusing studies of Laddie Cliff and Renée Houston who are drawing all London to the Hippodrome to see this bright musical show

A PERSONAL TRIUMPH: Another study of Renée Houston, who according to a large number of the critics has, by her performance in *Love Laughs*, proved herself the most outstanding comedienne seen in this country for many years

and, with two cycles of Wagner's *Ring*, it has been pretty heavy going. There is a physical aspect in such a situation, particularly in the case of the players of wind instruments, for their lips grow tired and sore. In view of some adverse criticism the L.P.O. are receiving just now, I make no apology for this explanation.

Except for the management of that Russian street crowd, the stage performance in no way fell short of expectation. Mlle Toumanova's girl-doll is her best impersonation—the mechanical fixed stare and the clockwork movements are part of a style she can adopt without difficulty. Excellent, too, is M. Psota's negro.

M. Massine has now rejoined the company. His chief effort is that amazing rag-time dance as the grotesque barman in *Union Pacific*. This is a ballet which, I find, improves on acquaintance, and Colonel de Basil was wise to revive it.

M. Massine has also taken up his old part of the hussar in *Le Beau Danube*. That so much of the "Blue Danube" waltz is omitted when this is the *clou* of the whole ballet is tantalising, particularly since he and Mlle Danilova dance so well what is left of it.

And why has the "little sister" been cut out altogether? This was a charming domestic touch in a form of entertainment in which domesticity is hardly paramount. If the hour is too late for real children, get a dwarf—if possible an attractive one. The thing can be done. I remember a Madame Butterfly and her infant in arms who communicated only by means of their respective solicitors.

A ROMANCE AT THE CARLTON: *Left*—Mary Ellis as Simone, "cabaret singer and idol of Paris," and Tullio Carminati as the Count in *Paris Love Song*—the latest Paramount picture which had its premiere at the beginning of this month. *Right*—Mary Ellis in one of the magnificent gowns she wears in the film. This talented actress probably appears to even better advantage on the stage, and during the present season thousands of Londoners have been to see her in Ivor Novello's success, *Glamorous Night*

Personal and Social

Women in the Limelight

A MILITARY MARRIAGE: Some of the pages and bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. Gerald Walker, of the 14th/20th Hussars, and Miss Margaret Ismay Chandos-Pole, daughter of the late Brigadier-General Chandos-Pole. The ceremony took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, and the eight child attendants were:—Elizabeth Grenfell, Pauline Sanderson, Susan de Wend Fenton, Diane Ismay, Clare Campbell, Geoffrey and Peter Drage, and Charles Lloyd. The maids wore early-Victorian frocks of honey-coloured organza

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN ENGLAND: A happy group in the grounds of Bramley Grange Manor, Surrey, where thirty-five girls from schools and universities in the United States are now enjoying an extended camping holiday

PHYSICAL JERKS: Members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty doing exercises in time to music at one of their training centres in London. This organisation, which consists largely of office and factory workers, was founded five years ago by the late Mrs. Bagot Stack and has grown so rapidly that it now has a membership of over 80,000, with branches in England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and America

THE CALL OF THE SEA: Miss Ursula Wyndham and Lady Frances Cole, the second daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, who have signed on as members of the crew of the famous windjammer, *Herzogin Cecilie*, and who are now on their way from Ireland to Finland

SOCIETY CHILDREN AT WORK AND PLAY: *Left*—James and Virginia, the son and daughter of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, only sister of Lord Glenconner, out for a stroll in Hyde Park with their dog. Note their up-to-date heat-wave attire. *Right*—Mrs. Gershom Parkington, Principal of the Botanical Gardens Open Air School, instructing two of her pupils, one of whom is John Julius, the son of Lady Duff Cooper

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Three Interesting New Volumes of Reminiscences Dealing with the Doings of the Great: Hector Bolitho Pays a Tribute to Age and Authority

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

NINA MURDOCH, an Australian journalist, whose latest book, *She Travelled Alone in Spain* (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) tells of her experiences in a country where an unescorted woman traveller is still regarded as an object of curiosity

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is fashionable, and like all fashionable things it achieves its own reward. Describing himself as a "propaganda novelist," perhaps in search of that stroke of luck he declares "that in all my writing life I have never had," Mr. Douglas Goldring has set down his life and opinions in ODD MAN OUT (Chapman and Hall. 15s.).

Mr. Goldring deserves well of the current fashion if only for the courage with which he gives himself away, which he states (and rightly) is the invariable achievement of all autobiographers. I like the candour with which he shows how much he hated his childhood, the courage of his war pacifism, his reiterated condemnation of literary cliques, cabals, and rackets, and the delight with which he spits in the eye of our old friend the Bitch Goddess. I can also appreciate the value of the courage on the part of a professional writer in the face of such things.

But Mr. Goldring will probably agree with his friend, D. H. Lawrence (himself a courageous spitter) when he said that criticism was valueless unless it was personal—"The touchstone is emotion, not reason." It is disconcerting, for instance, to find that not all the Aunt Sallies go down before the author's fusillade. One can admire the forthright declaration that "I have always run away from celebrities instead of after them," until one detects the Bitch Goddess, with a smile, turning an index of ten columns stuffed full of celebrities.

My complaint is that Mr. Goldring hands too much to that old goddess by way of protest, and that the note of priggishness is a bad antidote to that which we wish to admire. An instance is that he was, he says, a detached observer of Edwardian and pre-war Georgian society, and from that point of vantage derides the moneyed aristocracy of those days. "The names of the wealthy people whose hospitality I enjoyed . . . would convey nothing to the average reader." There was a dance "given by the wife of an enormously wealthy armaments manufacturer. . . . One advanced to the grand staircase across a vast 'marble hall,' through lines of powdered footmen in grey plush knee-breeches. . . . Judge, then, of my astonishment when at midnight our hostess advanced to an elderly man in steel-rimmed spectacles and said: 'Oh, Mr. Kipling, will you take Mrs. Humphrey Ward down to supper?'"

Now the object of that anecdote is to demonstrate the futility of such entertainments. The author makes his point, but why, in the name of a runner away from celebrities, drag in Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Humphrey Ward? And, having dragged them in, why not a little accuracy, remembering that Mr. Kipling, twenty-five years ago, was no "elderly man," but barely middle-aged?

I am afraid that Mr. Goldring's propaganda loses some of its effectiveness in this unfolding of the tale of an undeniably interesting career.

Mr. Hector Bolitho has spent so much of his writing life in the company of Royalty, that it is fitting to find him at a courtier-like disclaimer that his book, OLDER PEOPLE (Cobden Sanderson. 10s. 6d.), is not "a shower of gossip about great names." It is little else.

"I have been fortunate," he says, "in being allowed many friendships and kindnesses from older people." The reader may think it fortunate that all the subjects of his reminiscences are "great names," and doubly fortunate that when the supply of elders runs out, D. H. Lawrence trots in to give him advice at the house of Middleton Murry ("go away and be content to live on £3 a week") and Aircraftsman Shaw to say, "I am not interested in women."

All the subjects of Mr. Bolitho's reminiscences are "great": some of them are "very great." One cannot but admire the grace with which he sits at their feet, the tremolo of the pen with which he points each anecdote, the humbleness of the approach of the "colonial boy." Always he is awed; frequently overwhelmed.

"One day I walked into the drawing-room to find no fewer than five Bishops sitting in the comfortable chairs. My terror cannot be described."

Naturally this is a very readable book. There is not enough respect for age and authority about nowadays. Mr. Bolitho's experiences are an admirable corrective.

A HIGH PRICE FOR "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": The inscribed copy of the late Colonel T. E. Lawrence's famous book, which was sold recently for £185 at Sotheby's auction rooms. The purchasers were Messrs. John and Edward Bumpus, the well-known Oxford Street booksellers

Another book of reminiscences is Mr. Bertie Hollender's BEFORE I FORGET (Grayson. 8s. 6d.). "I may mention," he says, "that this book has no pretension to any literary merit, but is simply a desire to bring the reader into touch with a great many famous people in different walks of life."

I have no doubt but that Mr. Bertie Hollender is rattling good company, an indefatigable raconteur, has been what was known in his youth as a "gay spark," and has enjoyed life thoroughly. At Harrow, apparently, they neglected to teach him how to write. Undeterred, he writes. The number of old chestnuts he unearths is prodigious. So is his memory. Sometimes, alas, he muddles names, as in "An American who made a great impression on me was Lewis Sinclair."

Here is just the sort of book for those who like books without literary pretentions and who wish to be in touch with the famous. What better can they have than this?—

"While on the Kivu subject, Nancy Cunard asked me some time back to let her have a history of same for her book which dealt with everything negroid."

A harmonium player of Leicester,
When the zest of Schweppes Tonic posseicester,
Used to stand up and beat
On the keys with her feet
Till the Vicar and Sidesmen suppreicester.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
- does you Good

SPAS OF GERMANY

The Charms of Bad Nauheim, Wiesbaden, Baden Baden, and Other Famous Centres

Health Resorts where the Traveller is Invariably Made to Feel Completely at Home

A CITY STREET AS A STAGE: An impressive scene representing the Coronation Procession during a recent open-air performance of *Joan of Arc* on the Römerberg at Frankfurt-am-Main. The old houses with their lofty crow-stepped gables made a wonderful setting for the play

THE other day, at the height of the summer season, Bad Nauheim celebrated its centenary. If the appreciation of all the people who have gone there feeling ill and have come away feeling well during the past hundred years played any part in it, the occasion must have been a particularly gay one. Moreover, there is a certain quality of gaiety in which the German spas naturally excel. That is part of the cure; a marvellous understanding of one of the basic requirements of health. Everybody with whom you come into contact, from the doctors themselves to the waiter who brings you your breakfast, appears to be genuinely concerned that each individual visitor should derive the maximum of benefit from his stay. They realise that you cannot do that unless you are enjoying yourself, and so they make it their special business to see that you do enjoy yourself.

If, for instance, you are a person who would like to live to the tune of playing fountains—then there are fountains to please you from morning to night. If, on the other hand, you cherish a secret passion for fireworks, then you will find gala occasions when you can indulge it to the full. If, again, you have a taste for sitting in shady gardens with velvet lawns and well-filled flower beds, then there is nowhere in the world where you will be better satisfied. Or if you want to hear a great deal of music in a shorter space of time than is generally practicable, the Kurhaus orchestra of a place like Wiesbaden can be relied upon not to disappoint you. Or if you are fond of pinewoods, with their strange stillness, and the marvellous smell of the pine needles on a hot summer's day, or the quietness of country roads, only broken from time to time by the slow creaking of oxen-drawn farm wagons . . . then to Germany you must go, for there you will find all these things in abundance.

You will also find something else—a quality so specifically German that there is no single word by which it can be translated into any other language. The German word itself is *Gemütlichkeit*, for which the dictionary suggests a variety of meanings ranging from "good nature" to "freedom from pecuniary cares." I do not think many Germans would agree with this last interpretation. The first is nearer the truth. But it is not the whole truth, because *Gemütlichkeit* has to do with the landscape as well as the people. It is a quality by which you are made to feel as much at home in a place when you have been there a few hours as if you had been there all your life. Beyond that, and the assurance that it is a very pleasant quality indeed to experience, there is nothing that can be said about it by way of definition. But one recognises it quickly enough when one is there.

Every conceivable variety of spa is to be found in one part of Germany or another. They can cure you of rheumatism, of heart trouble, of liver trouble; if you are too fat they can make you thin without your feeling any the worse for it; or if you are too thin they can make you just as fat as you ought to be and stop dead at that point. They vary in character between the simple villages of the North Sea and Baltic coasts, and places of international renown—like Bad Nauheim, Wiesbaden, Bad Homburg, or Baden Baden, to mention some of the best known.

The three first-named of these lie among a range of wooded hills called the Taunus, not very far from Frankfurt-am-Main. It is a landscape which for graciousness and charm lives up to the best traditions of German romanticism. Go there in the spring and you will find endless apple orchards in blossom: in midsummer, and you will feel how fertile this soil is, and notice how the thrifty peasants cultivate every available inch of it; in autumn, and you will see the ripe apples hanging from the trees in quantities which look as if they would be sufficient to keep the whole world supplied with cider, and the rich tones of the dying year gilding the woods.

Frankfurt itself is a typical German Grossstadt, and is well worth a visit when you are in the district. The opera is outstandingly good, and in the summer there is also a theatre festival. This year they are doing Part I (the better known part, that is) of Goethe's *Faust*, in the open air, on the Römerberg, which is in the very heart of the old town, where Goethe spent his childhood.

Farther south, in the splendid setting of the Black Forest, is Baden-Baden, which was already a spa in Roman times, and which has a glittering background of social history. A combination of rustic simplicity and extreme sophistication is one of its most individual characteristics, and still persists even in the present democratic days. The Black Forest is a fascinating place for a summer holiday, either motoring or—if you have the time and energy to explore a really unspoilt countryside—on foot.

Bavaria, too, is well endowed with healing springs, and one of its most popular spas is Bad Kissingen. Here, too, are sheltering hills, thickly pineclad, and the little town itself is very charming. It is also a good centre for motoring, as there are a number of interesting places within easy reach.

Then there is Bayreuth, where the Wagner festivals take place, and which is a kind of hallowed shrine for German musical aspirations. Würzburg and Bamberg are also cities well worth seeing.

A. G.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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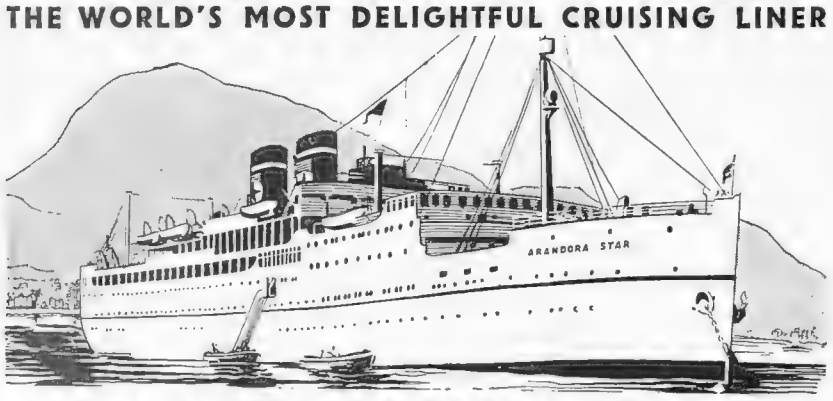

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Monte Carlo Beach

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF ART

(Continued from p. 106)

men as those I have just named. Let us hope that we, of this age, will be able to hand down names and accomplishments as good, to reconcile our descendants to us!

Not that there is any fundamental difference between us and our ancestors. Van Dyck's subjects were also Sargent's, and Monsieur Lambotte has a magnificent Philippe de Champaigne, portraying a procession of church dignitaries who, clearly, were thinking precisely the same things as were the processional dignitaries I saw in Bruges last week. It must be rather a squeeze, I think, to get Philippe into the Brussels exhibition. He was born in Brussels, of course, but he worked all his life in France.

He comes again to Brussels with Mabuse, Adam van der Meulen, Moro, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Gerard David. Then there is a slight gap, a slight falling off, until the nineteenth century gives us Brussels Art from Navez and Gallait to Degroux, by way of the two Stevens, Mallery, and Artan. These artists conclude five centuries of painting! An unexampled panorama of a nation's genius, and an excellent opportunity to study not only the development of an art, but the changing taste in subject.

It has been a tremendous effort to get the entire collection together. When it is recognised that many of the rarer canvases up to the seventeenth century have been spirited away from the galleries of Paris, Vienna, Boston, New York, Florence, Munich, Berlin, Dijon, Dresden, Dublin, Darmstadt, Turin, Naples, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Budapest, and Karlsruhe, and from private collectors all over Europe and the United States, the immensity of the task which M. Lambotte undertook will be acknowledged. Those for whom statistics are the most eloquent argument will be further impressed by the fact that the collection is insured for over £3,000,000.

The scheme does not end with Belgium. Every European country of importance, except Germany, offers a survey of the art of painting over 500 years. The result is what Monsieur Lambotte calls *Musée des Musées*. Nor does it end with the art of painting. The Belgian section includes civil and religious sculpture, some of the most valuable examples of which have come from Sweden.

I suspect that the exhibition will cause one or two mild sensations in the world of art. It includes things one never dreamed of; "lovely things. Enchanting!" Even Van Dyck provides a surprise to many of his admirers. How many art-lovers know of his portrait of the Marqués de Leganés? The portrait of the marquis, who is clad in armour and seated astride a spirited war-horse, is a fine, monumental affair, with a touch of Spanish bravado proper to the subject, and recalling Velasquez. But the astonishing thing about this picture is its background, the work of P. Snayers. Painted in brilliant and lively detail, there is a magnificent Review of Troops in the Field—a graphic war picture, perfect in every detail.

Roy Elston

CONTINUATIONS

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE GLORY: The beautiful loggia of St. Matthew at the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, which, after having been walled-up since the year 1700, has now been laid open once again. It was built in 1410 by Giovanni Balducci, of Pisa, the sculptor, painter, and architect, who was also responsible for the magnificent Gothic tomb of St. Peter the Martyr in the ancient Dominican Church of Sant' Eustorgio at Milan

REINDEER DRIVE

(Continued from p. 108)

harassed by wolf packs, and for a time the barren land grizzly bears. During frequent blizzards throughout seven months of the nine months' winters over a period of four years, the reindeer again and again stampeded.

Not until the spring of 1933 did the herd reach Canadian territory on the west bank of the Mackenzie River. Before them lay the vast flooding expanse. At its mouth it varied in width between 70 and 100 miles of delta-dotted channels. It could only be crossed when frozen over and at a time when snow lay upon the ice sufficiently deep and evenly to cover the ice upon which deer could not travel. Further, there was upon the delta islands no suitable winter grazing. This left Bahr only one alternative—a forced, non-stop foodless rush against time and weather across at least 70 miles of frozen river; ruthlessly keeping the deer going.

In January, 1934, at the time of the full moon, Bahr and his ten herders, in the stillness of the night, hurried their animals out upon the river stretching away a seemingly perfectly covered expanse of snow. But, when a few hours out upon the ocean-like reaches of this, one of the world's largest rivers, he found to his dismay that out of sight of land were long wind-blown patches of glare ice. This forced the herd to make long detours, eating up the so precious time and stamina of the foodless animals. Yet for forty-eight hours steadily the indomitable men drove on hopefully. Then, with all these doubly long hours behind them, and success seemingly in sight, down howled a blizzard, surrounding them with opaque moving walls. The herd stampeded. With that unfailing sense of the northern animal the deer made their way back to the bank from which they had come.

During the remainder of the winter it was found impossible to make further attempt.

After a year of waiting, in December, 1934, a sudden exceptional thaw blocked their second attempt. On January 17, 1935, with the full moon due, and with the river splendidly covered with snow, just as the herd was about to move, a terrific down-river wind swept clear the ice.

The night of February 18 was still. A glorious full moon reflected back from the again snow-covered river a light like day. Down the bank came trotting the reluctant deer, the ten herders holding them in close formation. The dash was on.

Night and day the herders urged the animals, and on February 21, 1935, the last of the weary, hungry beasts dragged themselves up the east bank of the Mackenzie. The greatest drive ever carried out by man was accomplished.

On March 15, 1935, the officials of the Department of the Interior, saw the animals driven into the corrals at Kittigazuit. Of the original herd of 3,000 specially selected stock, and all the progeny born during three summers, only 2,300 remained. Yet for all this loss, the feat was still a magnificent one.

Canada now sees in this herd a beginning for its second great undertaking in animal conservation, and there seems every reason to believe Canadian reindeer in years to come will assure forever a comfortable future for the Eskimo, for the reindeer supplies meat and milk and clothing.

Francis Dickie

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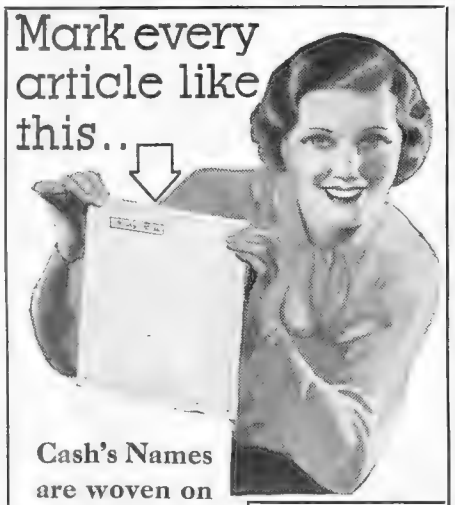

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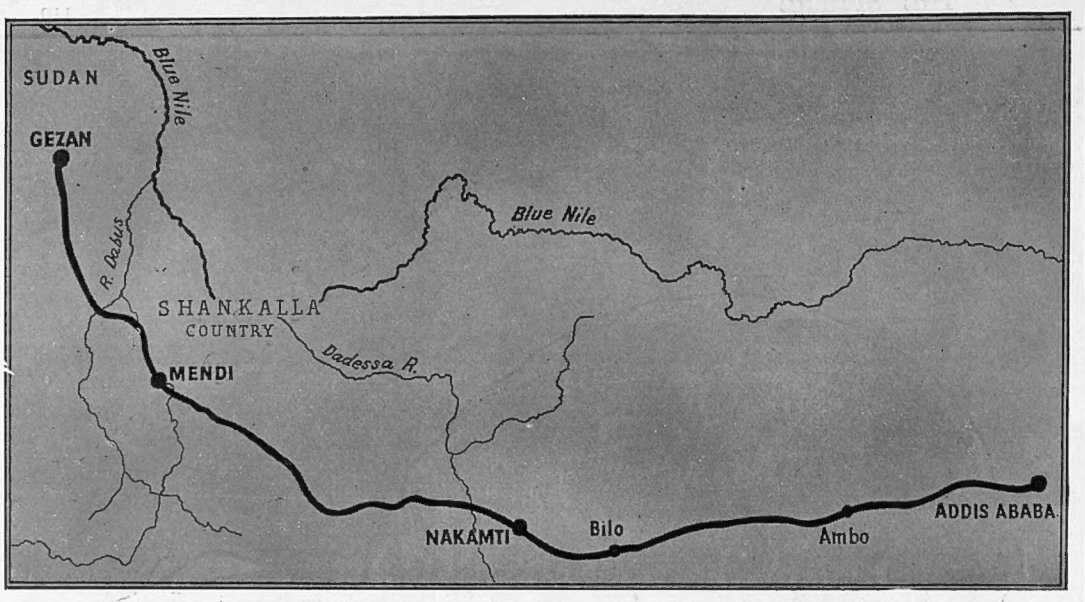

THE PATH OF ADVENTURE: A sketch map showing the route taken by the two English travellers whose journey from Addis Ababa, to Gezan, in the Sudan, is described and illustrated on pages 88, 89, and 90 of this issue of "The Sphere." Between Nakamti and Mendi they left the main caravan track and explored the Dadessa River, the course of which but few white men have ever before followed

POISON GAS (Continued from p. 84)

to get a sufficiently strong concentration spread over as large an area as possible. The big bomb would probably over-gas a small area.

Everything rests on training and organisation. The respirator gives complete protection against gas and, although it is an immense problem, the decontamination of streets and buildings, and the evacuation of the population from areas soaked with gas are points in the air defence organisation which will do much to make gas attacks unsuccessful.

The foregoing may perhaps have seemed to stress unduly the dangers of a gas attack from the air. To gas effectively any large area of a city like London a large number of aeroplanes are necessary, and the air defence of Great Britain, that command of the R.A.F. entrusted with the defence of this country from air attack, is organised to try and prevent hostile machines from reaching London and other cities.

No analogy can be taken from the last war, when, considering the development of aircraft at the time, raids were fairly effective. Since that time great advances have been made in the performance of fighting machines, a complete anti-aircraft defence organisation exists, and every detail is being continually improved.

Yet in spite of all these methods of defence it is impossible to guarantee that no raider will penetrate the defences. Hence the necessity for preparing and training the civil population to protect themselves.

C. D. Palmer

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Lord Mayor of London had promised to attend to present the prizes on board the *Arethusa* Training Ship on July 24, but owing to an outbreak of mumps this event has had to be cancelled. There are some boys in the *Arethusa* who will not be able to go to their homes for the holidays, and some other boys who have no homes to go to. The Society would be very glad to hear from readers of THE SPHERE who would send donations to pay for the cost of conveyances for these boys to go on various expeditions. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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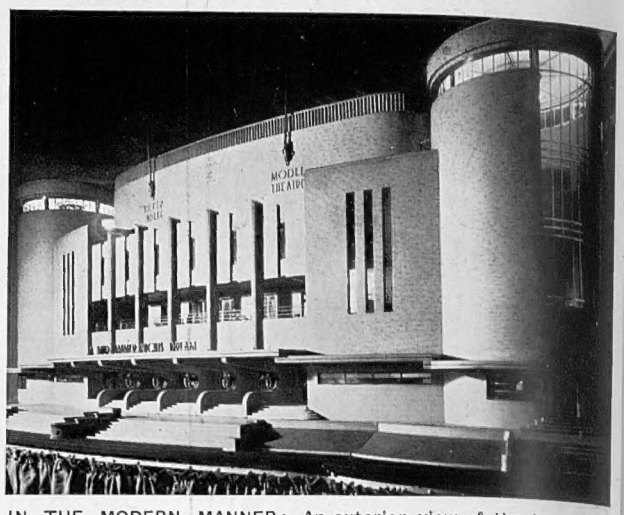
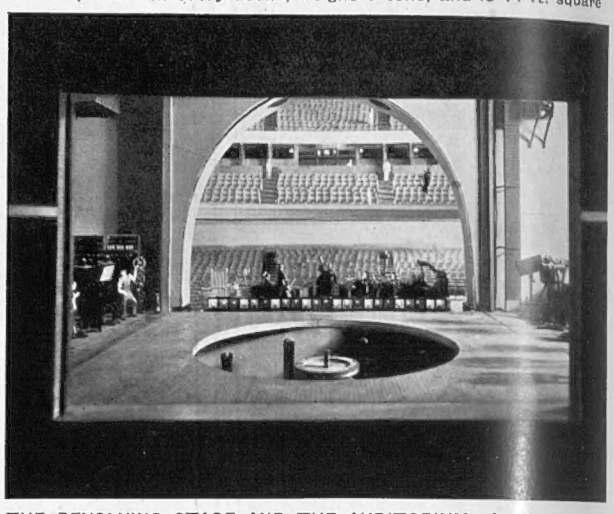


IN THE MODERN MANNER: An exterior view of the beautifully-made Silver Jubilee model theatre which has been designed by Mr. George E. Tonge, F.R.I.B.A., and is now on exhibition at the Building Centre, 158, New Bond Street, London, W.1, to aid the funds of stage charities. The model, which is almost perfect in every detail, weighs 3 tons, and is 14 ft. square



THE REVOLVING STAGE AND THE AUDITORIUM: Another striking view of the elaborately equipped Silver Jubilee model theatre

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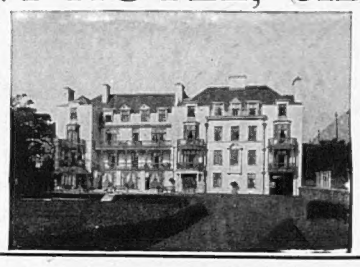

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

S., Bucks (Switzerland). — Reichenbach is a village at a height of 2,335 ft. in the Kander Valley of the Bernese Oberland. It is a very quiet place, but the surrounding scenery is most beautiful and you can make excursions to Adelboden, Griesalp and the Niesen, and Kandersteg. Spiez on Lake Thun is only a few minutes distant by train, so that you can also make pleasant excursions by lake steamer. The small Hotel Baren in Reichenbach charges about eight Swiss francs per day.

D., York (Hastings). — Hastings should suit you admirably for while the climate of the lower part of the town is mild, bracing conditions can always be found on the cliff tops. You will find the orchestral concerts and band performances particularly good. We can recommend the Queen's Hotel in Hastings which is situated in a good position on the sea front.

H., Lancs. (Union Castle Line tour to South Africa).—The Union Castle Line are quoting very attractive rates for Christmas and New Year holiday tours to South Africa, the return first-class fare being £90 to Cape Town, £95 to Port Elizabeth, £98 to East London, and £100 to Natal; 2nd class and tourist class fares are also quoted. There are outward sailings from Southampton on November 29, December 13, December 27, and January 10. For dates of return sailings and details of the maximum period of time allowed in South Africa under the cheaper-rate conditions we advise you to apply direct to the Union Castle Line, 125, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. These tours to South Africa are extremely popular and you should make an early application for a reservation.

M., Lincs. (Cruise).—An interesting cruise is that of the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line, which leaves Southampton on August 30 for a twenty-one days' cruise to Italy, Dalmatia, and Greece; 1st class passengers only are carried, the fare ranging from 38 guineas.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Hyderabad, India (Sweden).—The Swedish America boats do not call at any ports in England, the only direct sailings between England and Stockholm being by the Ellerman Wilson Line, their boats being primarily for cargo and carrying only about twenty passengers. The Swedish Lloyd boats from Tilbury to Gothenburg are of 4,350 tons, there being a service every Wednesday and Saturday during September. Passengers leave St. Pancras Station, London, on either day at 5.28 p.m., arriving in Gothenburg at 7 a.m. on Fridays and Mondays. The return 1st class fare from London to Gothenburg ranges from £12, this including the rail fare to and from Tilbury, and all meals on board. There is a good train from Gothenburg to Stockholm, leaving the former at 8.50 a.m., arriving in Stockholm at 2.54 p.m.

L., Mont. (Denmark).—September is rather late in the season for good bathing conditions in Denmark, and we advise you to make your visit there during the first two weeks of that month if possible. Skodsborg, close to Copenhagen, is a popular seaside resort with excellent facilities for bathing. At the Hotel Oresund there you would get terms for about 10s. to 12s. per day. The return fare from London to Copenhagen, valid for one month, via Harwich–Esbjerg, with 3rd class travel in England, 1st class on the boat, and 1st class in Denmark, would be £9 8s. 1d., though this does not include the cost of meals en route. Passengers leave London at 4.10 p.m., arriving in Copenhagen about 11.55 p.m. the following day. It is possible to take a night train from Esbjerg to Copenhagen, when there is a supplement of 13s. 8d. each way for a sleeping berth in a double compartment.

W., Hants (Belgium). — The best centre for the Ardennes is Spa, a delightful little town with mineral springs, situated in a pleasant shallow valley, with wooded heights on all sides. The best hotels there are the Britannique and the Palace Hotel des Bains. As you will have only ten days in Spa, we do not think you would find it feasible to make the trip up the Rhine from Cologne to Mainz. The steamers leave Cologne about 8.30 a.m. arriving in Mainz at 8.45 p.m., which would necessitate spending a night in Cologne and in Mainz. The beauties of the Rhine are best seen from the river, and we do not advise you to make the trip by car.

W., London (Sea Trip).—The ten days' tours to Madeira run by the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company would probably suit your requirements. The return 1st class fare ranges from 15 guineas, and you could leave Dover on August 31 arriving in Madeira at 6 a.m. on September 5. You would then have several hours in which to see Funchal, embarking again at 6 p.m. the same day and reaching Plymouth on September 9.

O., Surrey (Spain).—The best time for a tour in Spain is during late spring or autumn, and preferably during the former season. We do not advise you to tour the country during August, for you would find it extremely hot, while travel by train would be particularly tiring. During the winter the inland towns can be equally cold. Messrs. Thos. Cook are organising some very good tours to Spain, there being a departure on September 7 and another on October 5. The fare for this seventeen-days' tour is 49 guineas, which includes 1st class travel in Spain and on the cross-Channel steamers, and 2nd class elsewhere. The itinerary includes Burgos, Madrid, El Escorial, Cordoba, Seville, Granada, Toledo, and Barcelona, and thus provides a comprehensive tour of Spain.

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein. — "Der Kaiserhof." — The hotel of distinction, comfort, perfect service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique. — 150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr.dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden. — **Haus Reichert.** — Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

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Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

GERMANY—*continued.*

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

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Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station 300 beds. Every comfort.

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Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site. — First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

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Lucerne. — **Hotel Du Lac.** — Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne. — **The National.** — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

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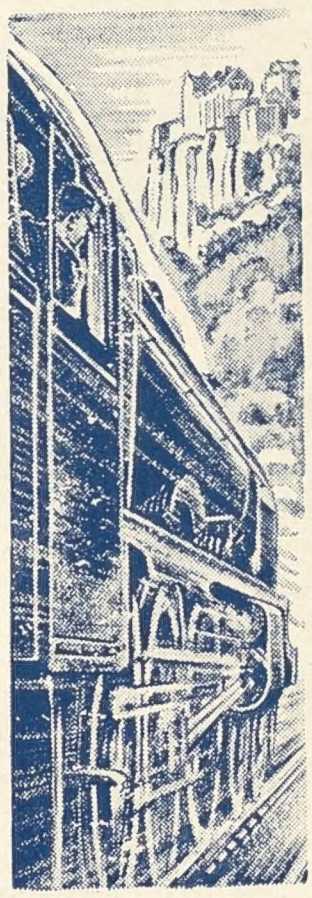

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